

A Fawcett Publication



MASTER COMICS

BIG 52 PAGES

MARCH
10¢
NO. 113



**ZOOMING
ACTION**

WITH

**CAPTAIN
MARVEL JR.**

THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST BOY

- ALSO -

**TOM MIX! NYOKA!
OZZIE & BABS!**



No.
111

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MASTER COMICS

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WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



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BUT INSIDE ALL IS NOT SO QUIET-----

WE SURE PICKED OURSELVES A SWELL LITTLE HIDE-OUT! LARRIMORE, THE OWNER OF THIS JOINT, IS VACATIONING SOMEWHERE IN HAITI AND FOR ALL WE KNOW, HE AIN'T EVER COMING BACK!

YA SAID IT HORSE! NOBODY IN THIS BURG HAS THE FAINTEST IDEA THAT ANYONE'S LIVIN' HERE!

NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS FREE CRANKY FROM JAIL AND WE CAN USE THIS DIVE AS OUR PERMANENT HIDE-OUT!

DON'T WORRY 'BOUT FREEING CRANKY FROM THE CALABOOSE! I GOT THAT ALL FIGURED OUT!

TONIGHT WHEN THE GARBAGE TRUCK LEAVES THE PRISON IT'S GOING TO HAVE AN EXTRA PASSENGER INSIDE ONE OF THE CANS! WE'RE GONNA STOP THAT TRUCK AND BRING CRANKY HERE!

BUT WHAT IF THE OWNER, LARRIMORE, RETURNS FROM HAITI? WE'LL BE DISCOVERED!

I FIGGERED ON THAT POSSIBILITY! WE DIDN'T FIX UP THIS TRAP DOOR FOR NOTHING! EVEN WITH LARRIMORE LIVIN' HERE WE COULD HIDE BELOW AND HE'D NEVER KNOW IT!

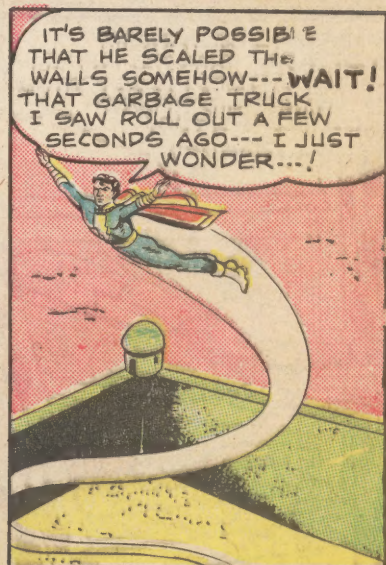
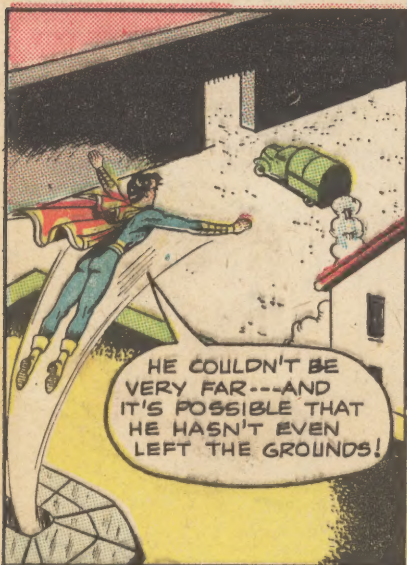
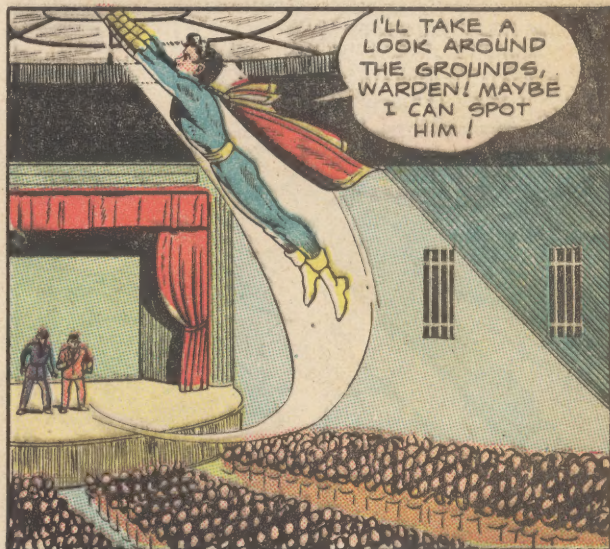
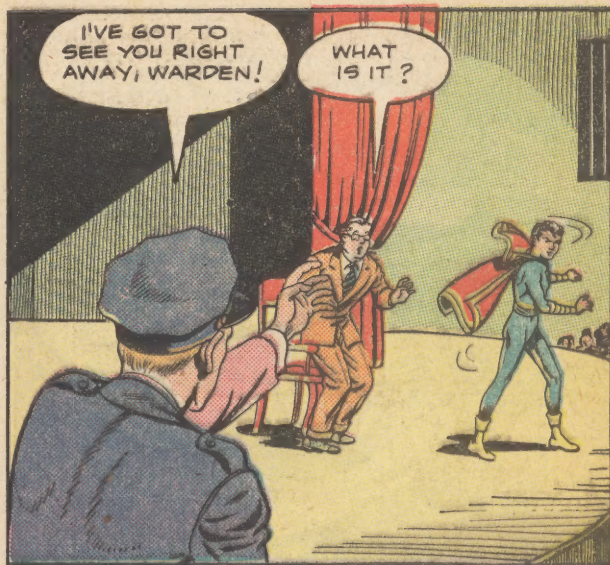
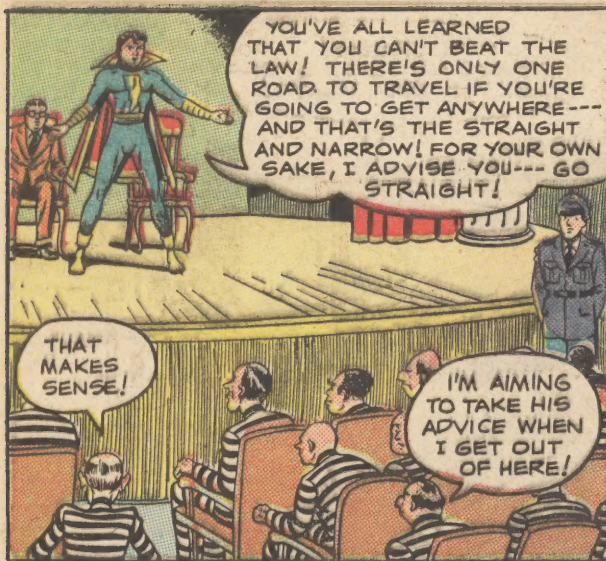
HORSE--- I JUST CAME FROM THE DEPOT! I GOT BAD NEWS FOR YA! HORACE LARRIMORE JUST CAME BACK FROM HAITI!

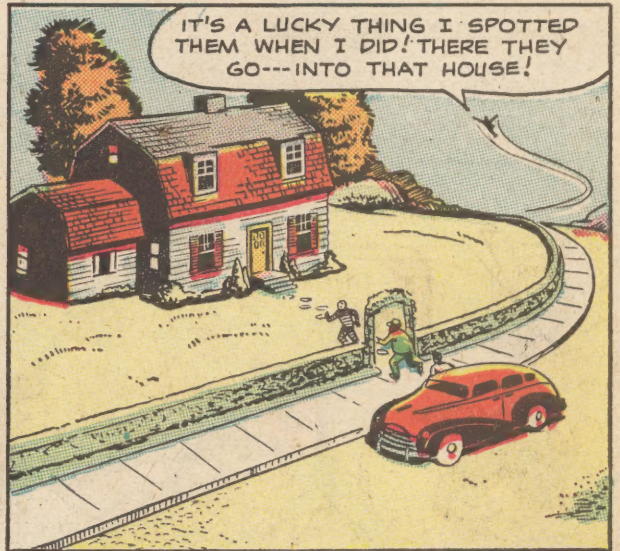
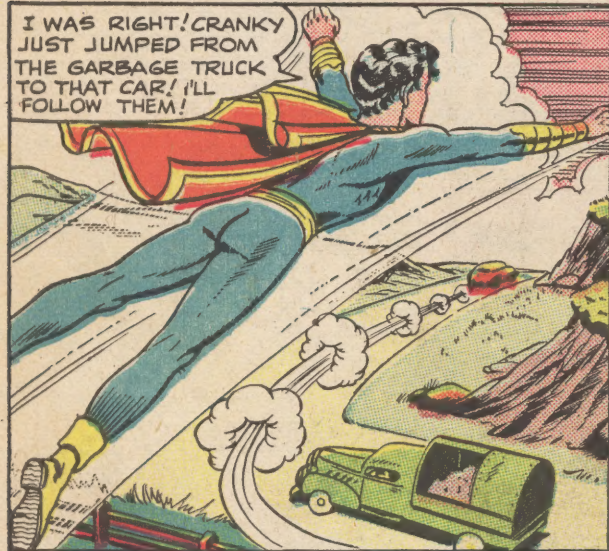
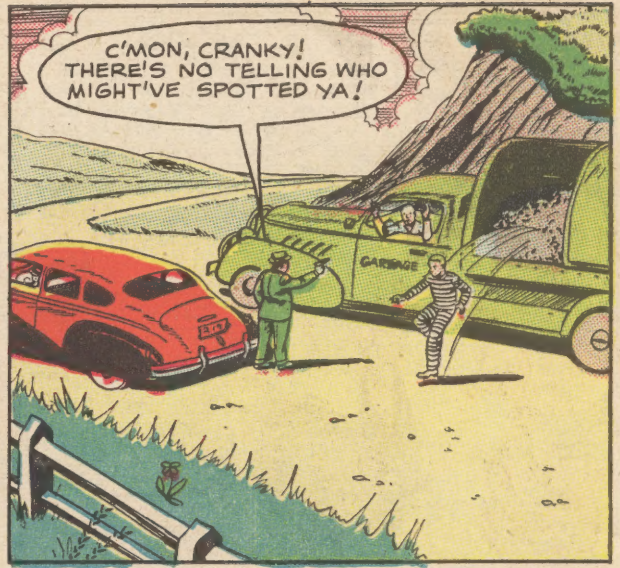
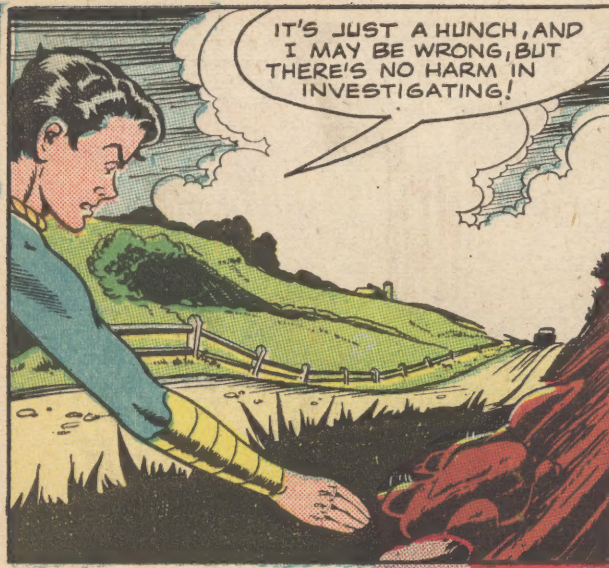
TAKE IT EASY, MUGGSY! WE'VE GOT THE ANSWER TO THAT! RIGHT NOW, ALL WE GOTTA WORRY ABOUT IS THE JOB AHEAD OF US AT THE PRISON!

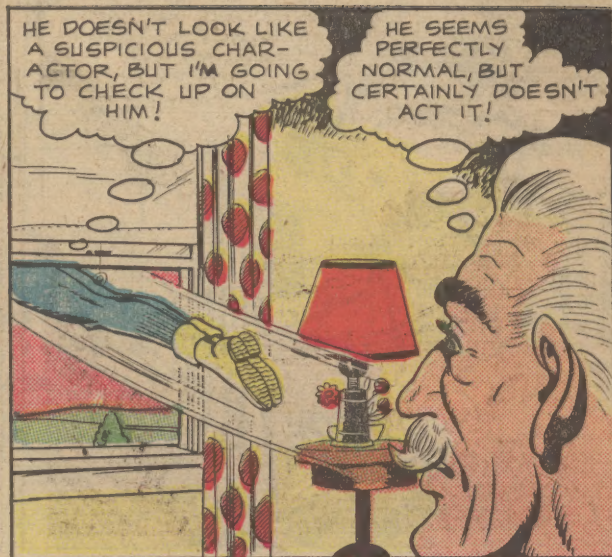
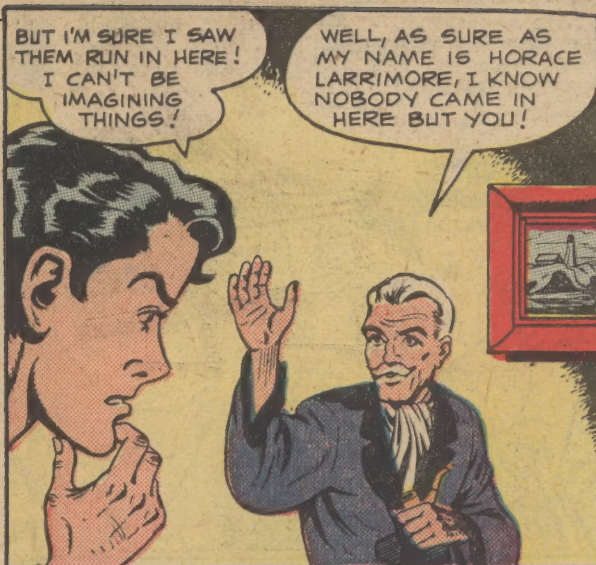
SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE STATE PRISON--

--AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, I WANT TO INTRODUCE TO YOU SOMEONE WHOM YOU ALL RESPECT---
CAPTAIN MARVEL JR!

GENTLEMEN, YOU'VE ALL MADE A BIG MISTAKE OR YOU WOULDN'T BE SERVING TIME! THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN'T RECTIFY YOUR WAYS!

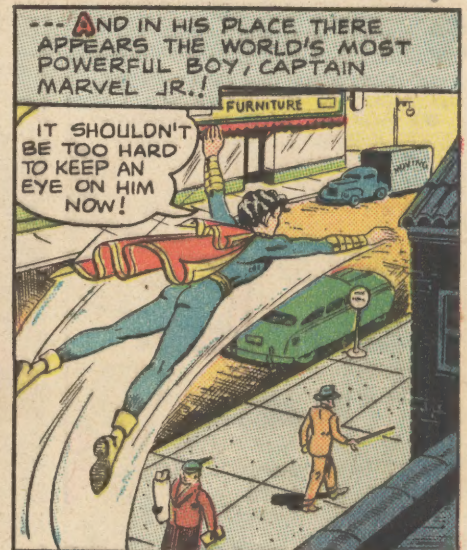
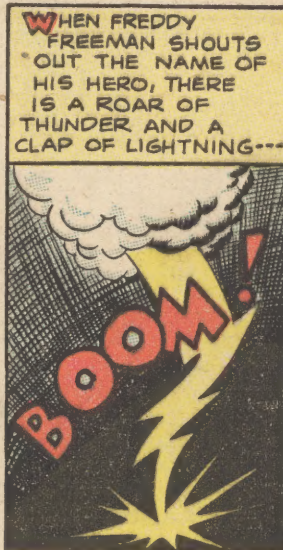
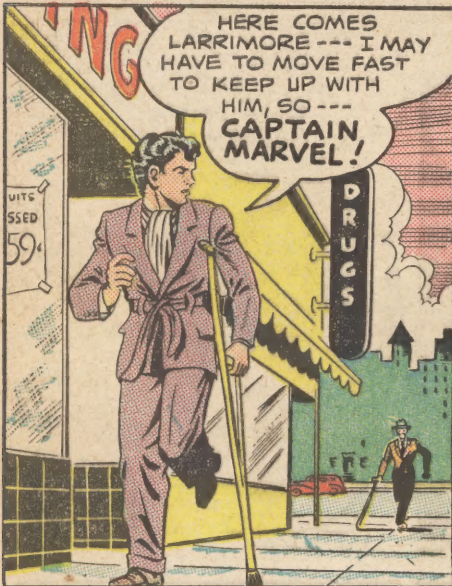
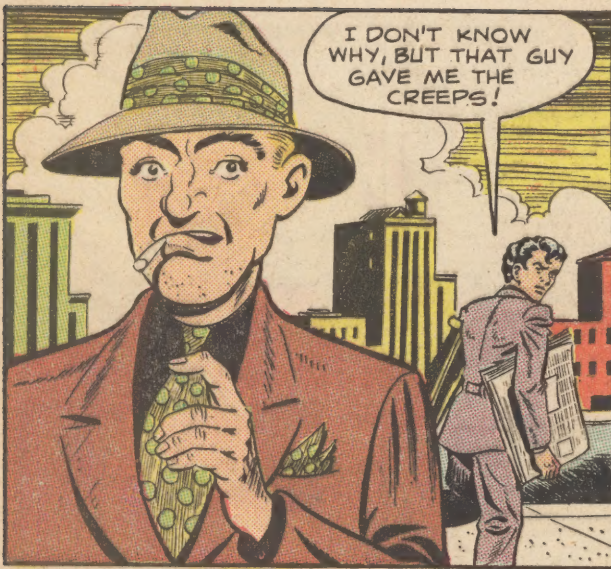


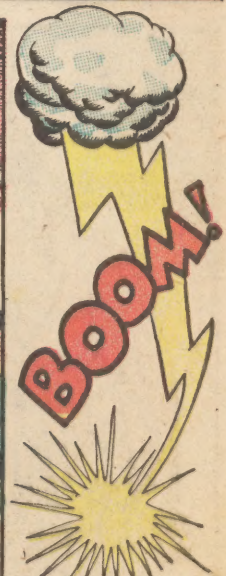
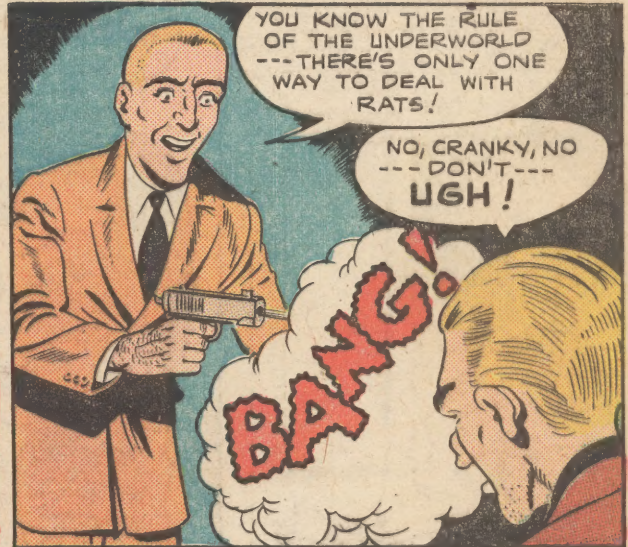
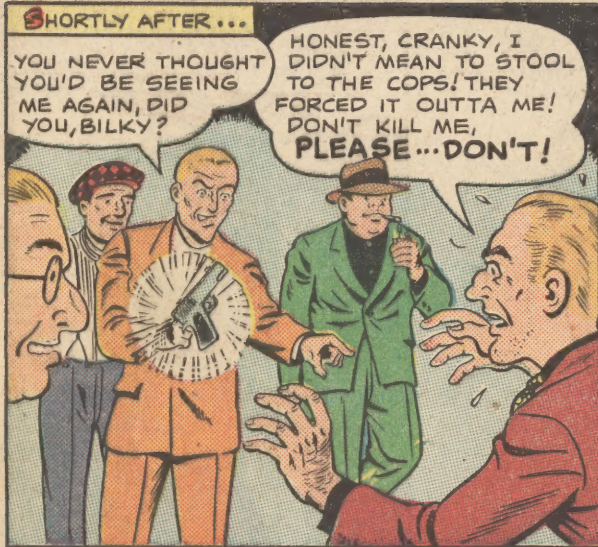
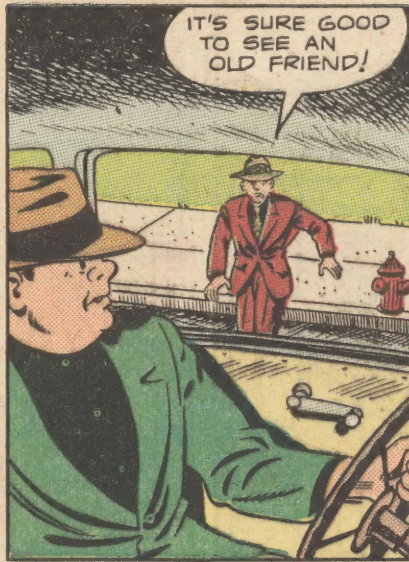


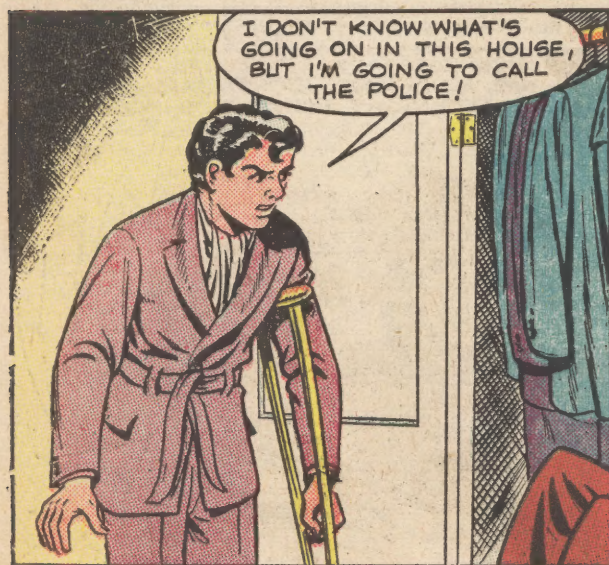
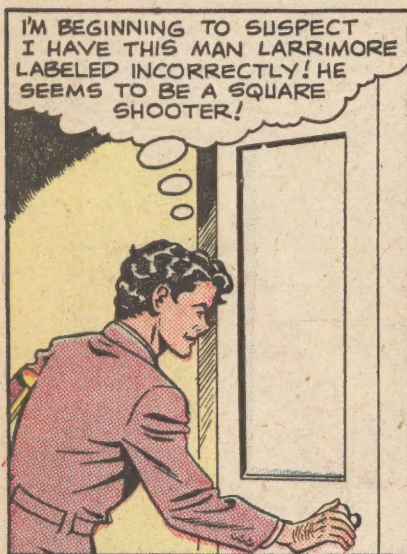


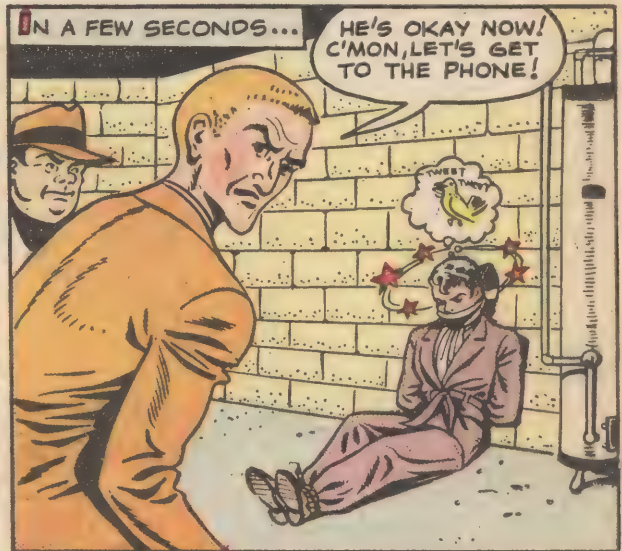
WHEN CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. SHOUTS THE MAGIC WORDS, THERE IS A FLASH OF LIGHTNING AND A CLAP OF THUNDER---

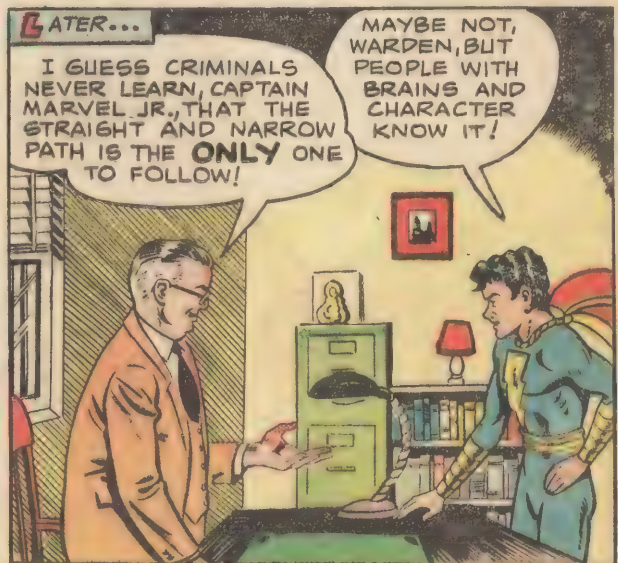
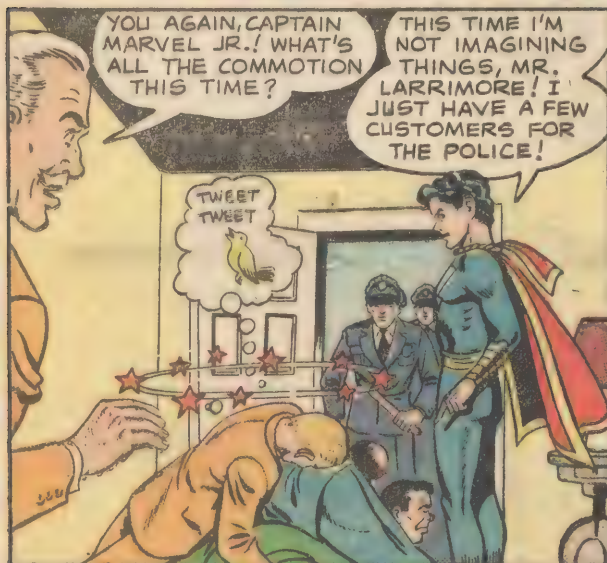
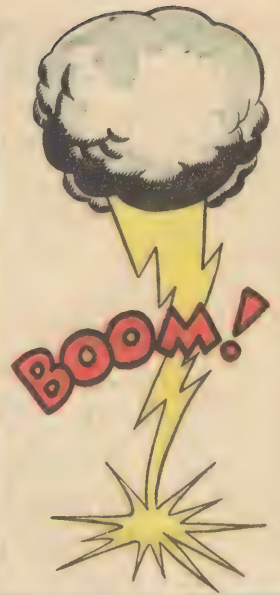


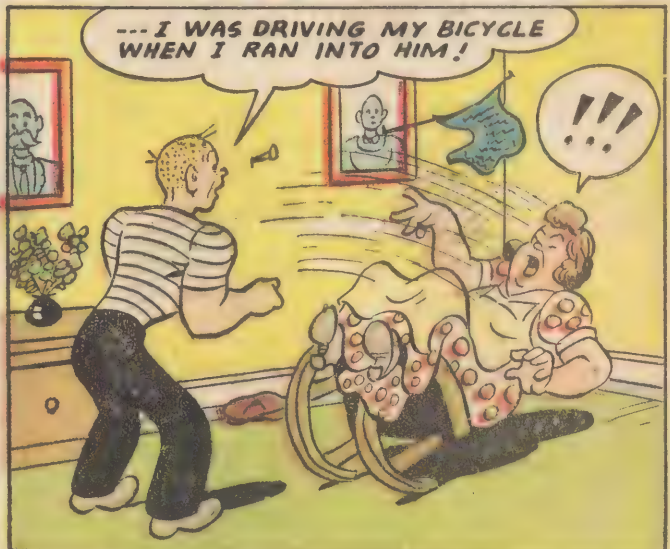
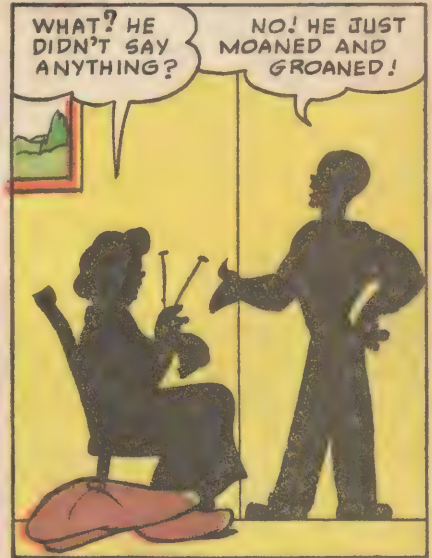
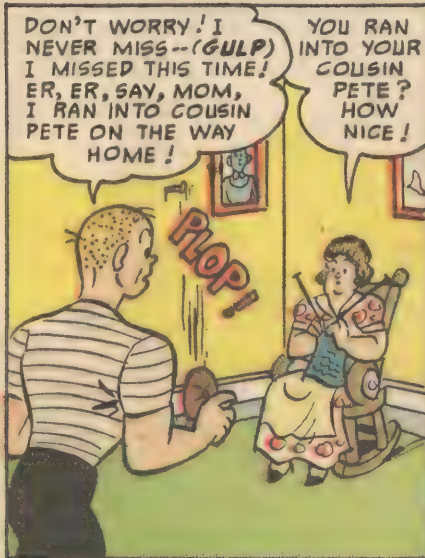
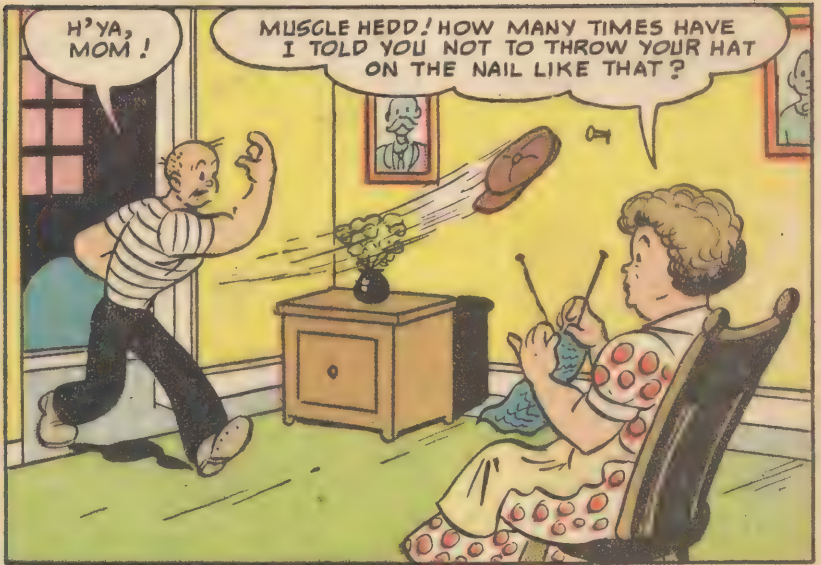






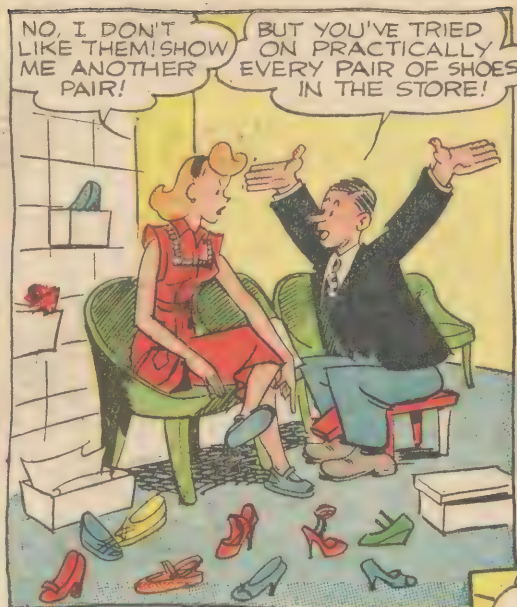






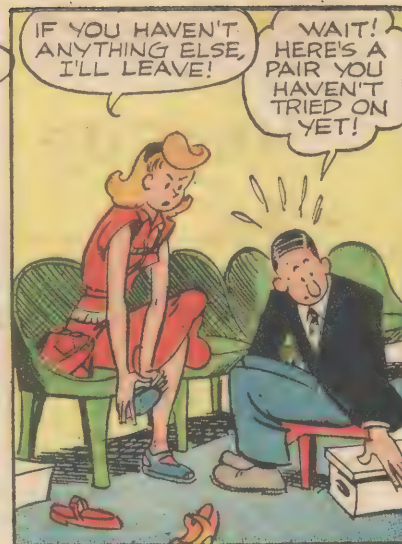


"DESERVES A BOOT"



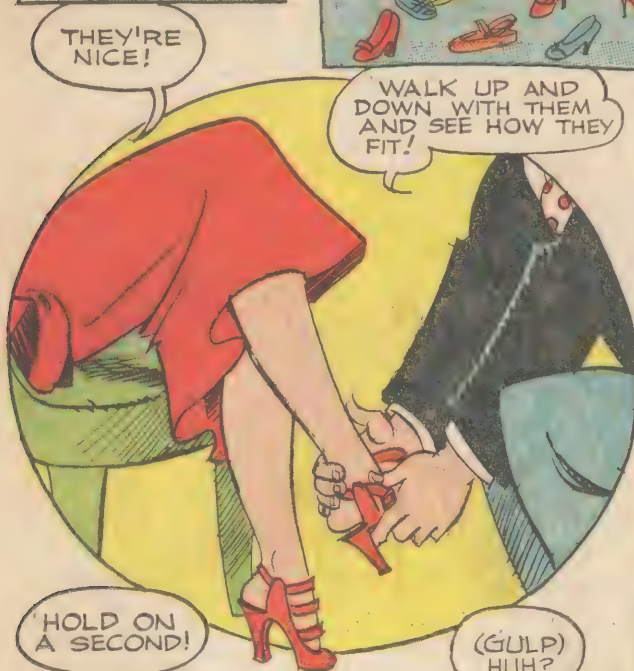
NO, I DON'T LIKE THEM! SHOW ME ANOTHER PAIR!

BUT YOU'VE TRIED ON PRACTICALLY EVERY PAIR OF SHOES IN THE STORE!



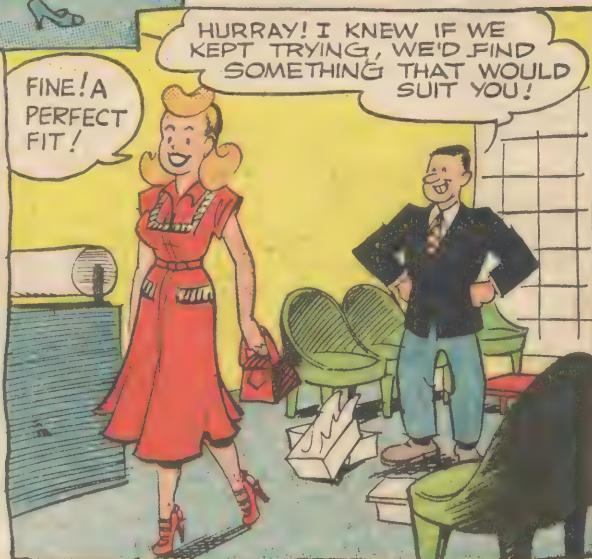
IF YOU HAVEN'T TRIED ANYTHING ELSE, I'LL LEAVE!

WAIT! HERE'S A PAIR YOU HAVEN'T TRIED ON YET!



THEY'RE NICE!

WALK UP AND DOWN WITH THEM AND SEE HOW THEY FIT!



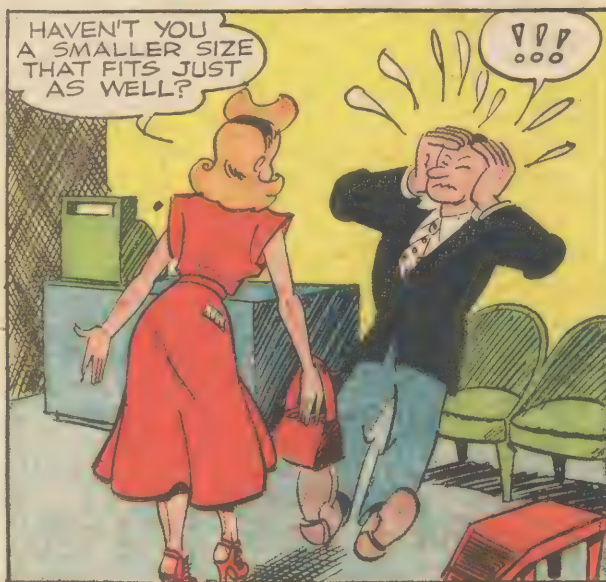
FINE! A PERFECT FIT!

HURRAY! I KNEW IF WE KEPT TRYING, WE'D FIND SOMETHING THAT WOULD SUIT YOU!



HOLD ON A SECOND!

(GULP) HUH?



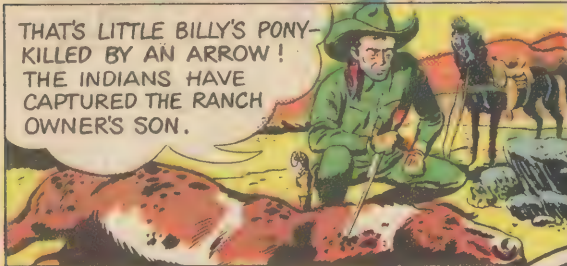
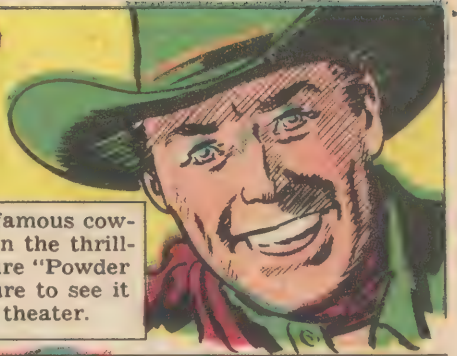
HAVEN'T YOU A SMALLER SIZE THAT FITS JUST AS WELL?

!!!

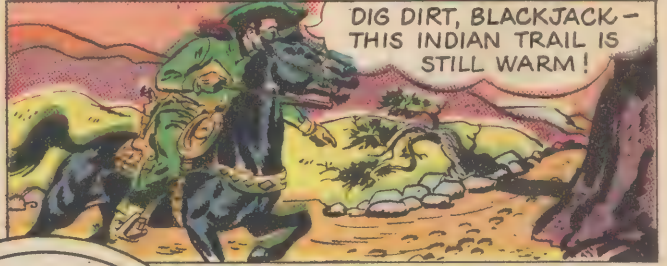
ROCKY LANE

rounds up the Redskins!

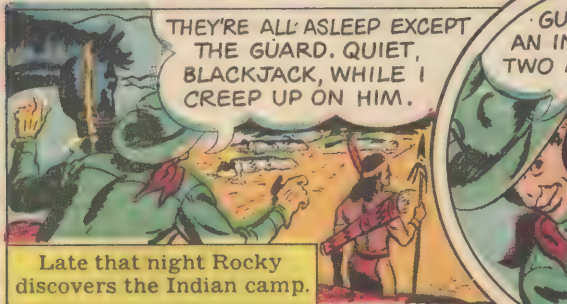
ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE, famous cowboy star, rides again in the thrilling new Republic picture "Powder River Rustlers." Be sure to see it at your neighborhood theater.



THAT'S LITTLE BILLY'S PONY—KILLED BY AN ARROW! THE INDIANS HAVE CAPTURED THE RANCH OWNER'S SON.



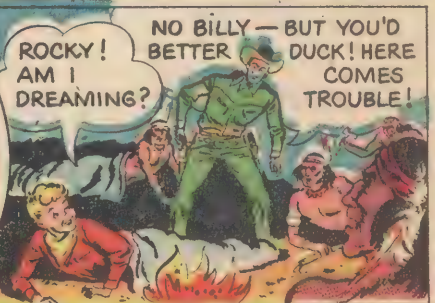
DIG DIRT, BLACKJACK—THIS INDIAN TRAIL IS STILL WARM!



THEY'RE ALL ASLEEP EXCEPT THE GUARD. QUIET, BLACKJACK, WHILE I CREEP UP ON HIM.



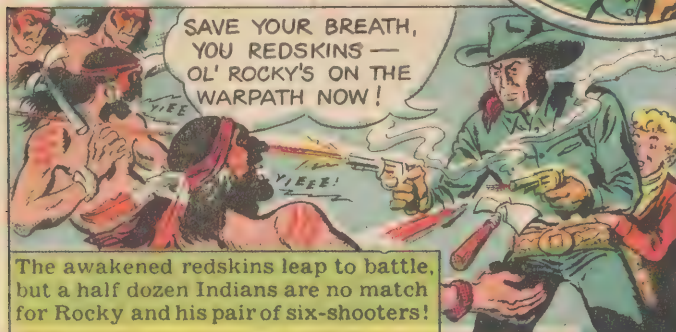
GUESS I KNOW AN INDIAN TRICK, OR TWO MYSELF, CHIEF!



ROCKY! AM I DREAMING?

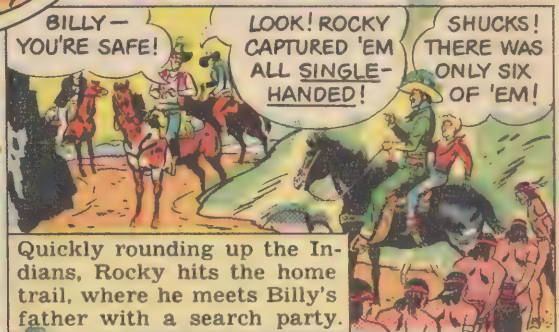
NO BILLY—BUT YOU'D BETTER DUCK! HERE COMES TROUBLE!

Late that night Rocky discovers the Indian camp.



SAVE YOUR BREATH, YOU REDSKINS—OL' ROCKY'S ON THE WARPATH NOW!

The awakened redskins leap to battle, but a half dozen Indians are no match for Rocky and his pair of six-shooters!



BILLY—YOU'RE SAFE!

LOOK! ROCKY CAPTURED 'EM ALL SINGLE-HANDED!

SHUCKS! THERE WAS ONLY SIX OF 'EM!

Quickly rounding up the Indians, Rocky hits the home trail, where he meets Billy's father with a search party.



HOW CAN I REWARD YOU, ROCKY?

JUST GIVE ME ANOTHER CARNATION MALTED, BOSS!

DRINK UP, CARNATION MALTS ARE EASY TO MAKE!

ME, TOO—THIS TASTES SWELL!



CARNATION MALTED MILK GIVES YOU REAL HE-MAN ENERGY! ASK MOM TO GET A JAR. SEE WHAT A CINCH IT IS TO MAKE SWELL-TASTIN' PROFESSIONAL "MALTS" RIGHT AT HOME!

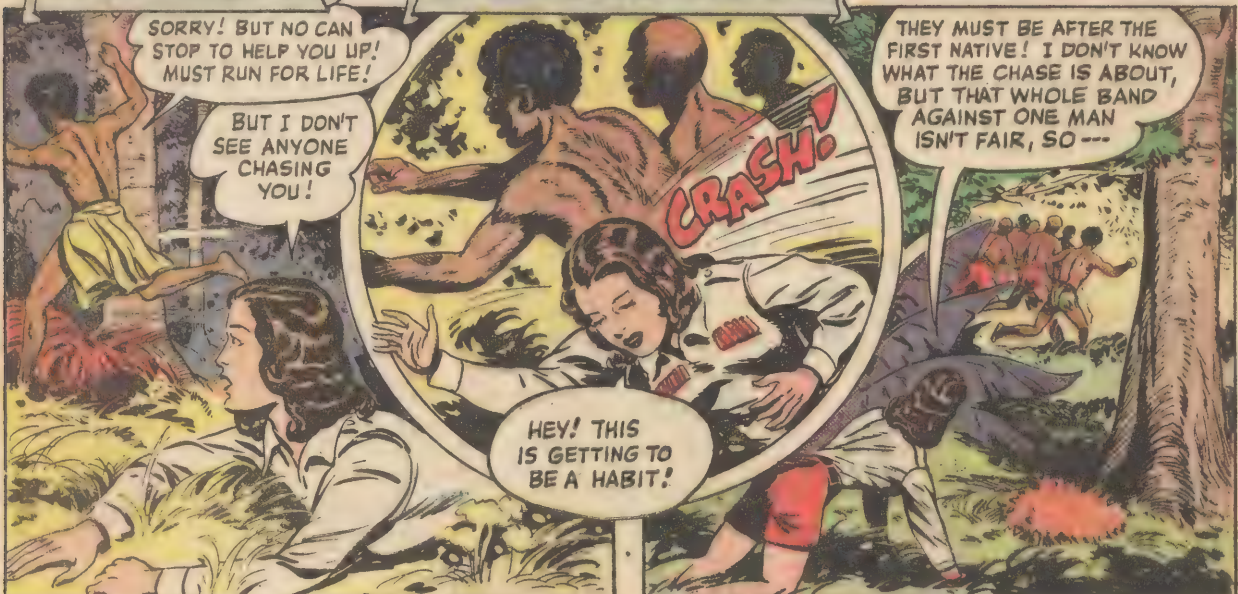


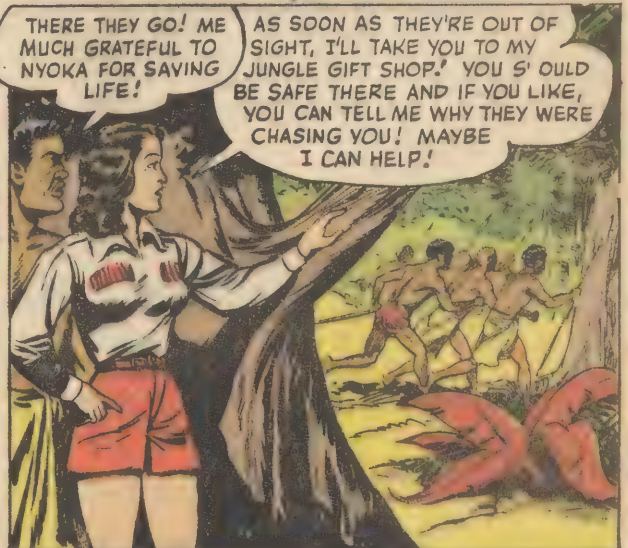
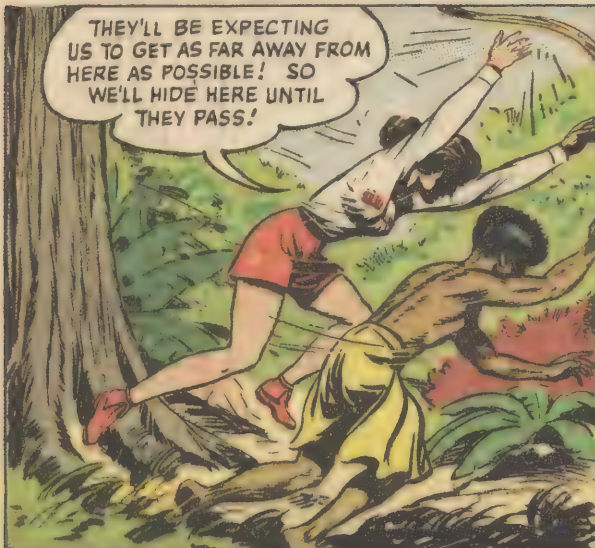
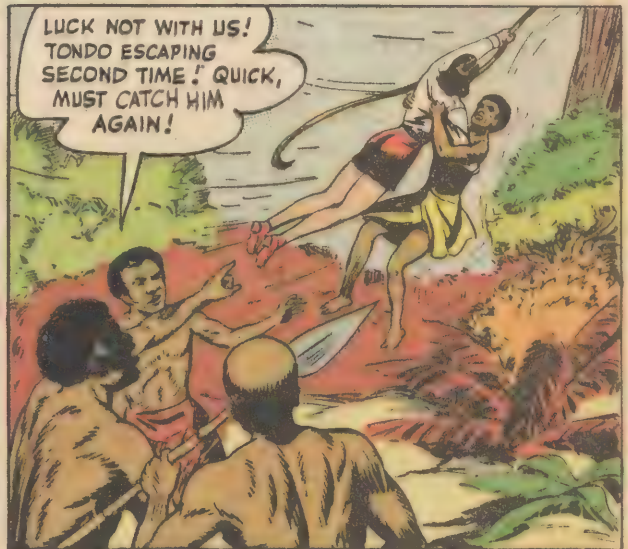
Chocolate or Natural Flavor



ONE DAY, IN THE
AFRICAN JUNGLES---

BUT AS NYOKA PICKS HERSELF UP---





AT NYOKA'S JUNGLE GIFT SHOP...

ME TELL NYOKA STORY, BUT NO THINK SHE CAN HELP! WARRIORS FROM BACCO TRIBE CHASING ME! MANY TIMES THEY FIGHT MY TRIBE -- BUT TODAY, IN SURPRISE ATTACK, THEY WIPE OUT ALL BUT ME! WHEN YOU SEE THEM, THEY TRYING TO KILL ME TO FINISH VICTORY!

IT LONG STORY THAT START WHEN ME BABY! CHIEF OF BACCO TRIBE COME TO VISIT MY FATHER WHO WAS THEN CHIEF OF POY TRIBE!

VISIT WAS VERY PLEASANT AND SOON TIME COME FOR BACCO CHIEF AND BACCO WITCH DOCTOR TO LEAVE WHEN ---

"...BACCO CHIEF ACCIDENTALLY SLIP AND FALL ON SPEAR, KILLING SELF..."

MUST GO BACK TO TRIBE AND REPORT HORRIBLE NEWS!

BUT WHEN WITCH DOCTOR GO BACK, HE NO TELL TRUTH! HE SAY WE KILL BACCO CHIEF! AND BACCO TRIBE MAKE TRIBAL WAR ON US!

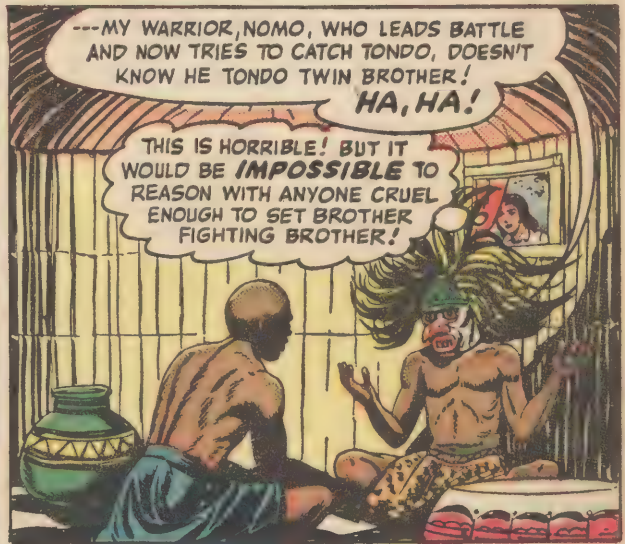
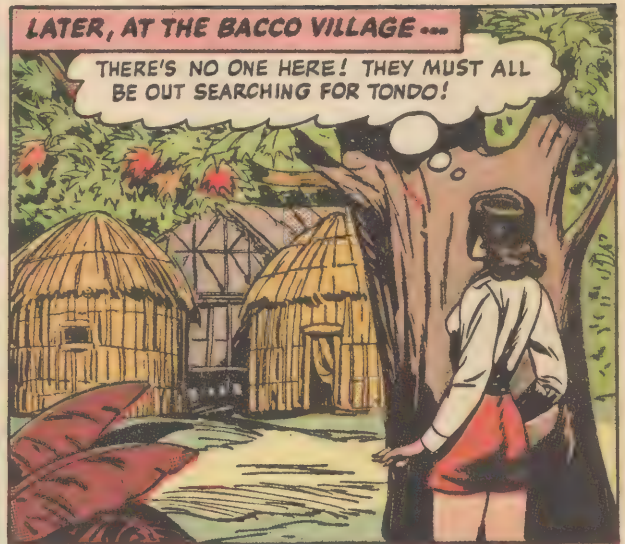
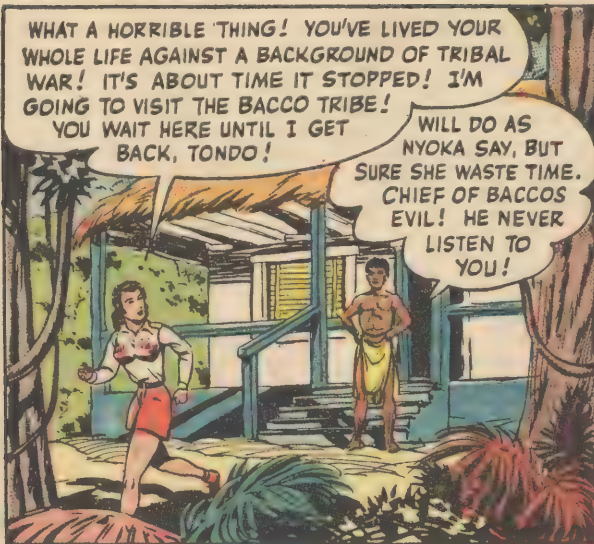
WHY SHOULD HE HAVE DONE THAT, TONDO?

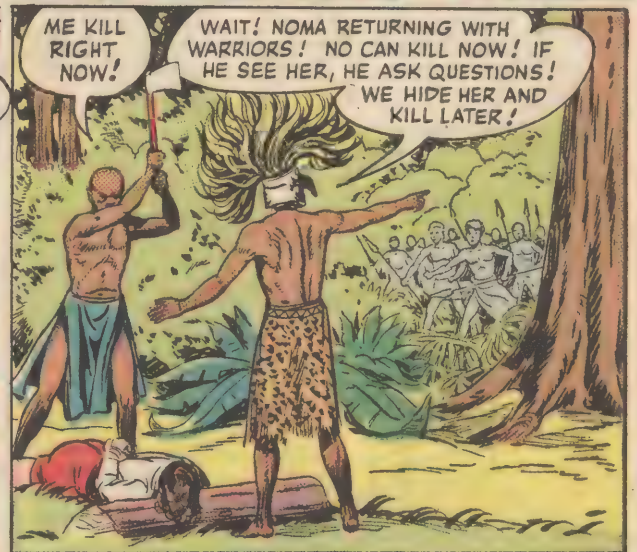
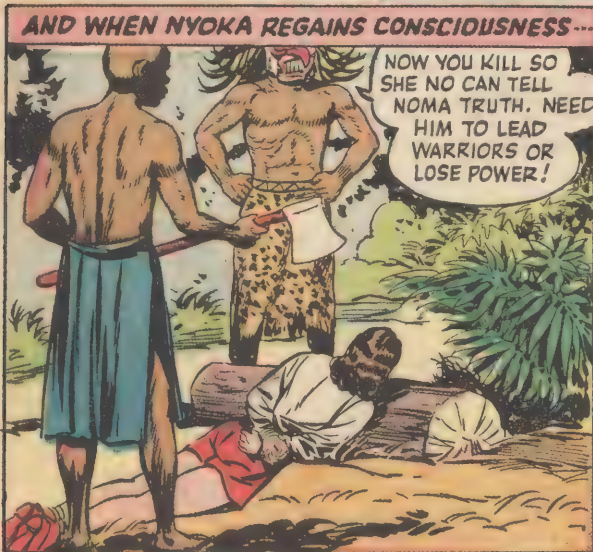
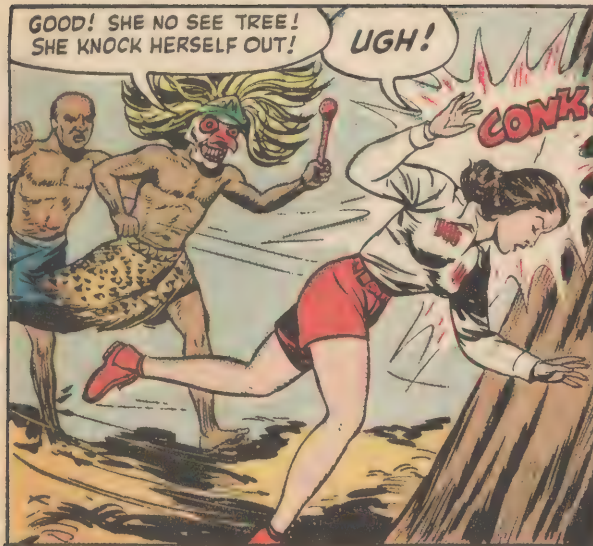
UGH!

SO CAN HAVE MORE POWER! WHEN CHIEF DIE, HE BECAME NEW LEADER! AND BY SAYING WE KILL OLD CHIEF, HE HOPE BACCOS CONQUER US, GIVING HIM TWO TRIBES TO RULE! MY FATHER FIGHT THEM OFF IN BATTLE BUT ---

---ONE DAY WHILE ME STILL INFANT, MY TWIN BROTHER DISAPPEAR! WE SEARCH BUT NEVER COULD FIND! WE SUSPECT EVIL WITCH DOCTOR KIDNAP AND KILL HIM. WHEN FATHER DIE, ME BECOME CHIEF AND TRIBE FIGHT OFF BACCOS UNTIL TODAY WHEN THEY FINALLY WIN!

NYOKA'S GIFT SHOP

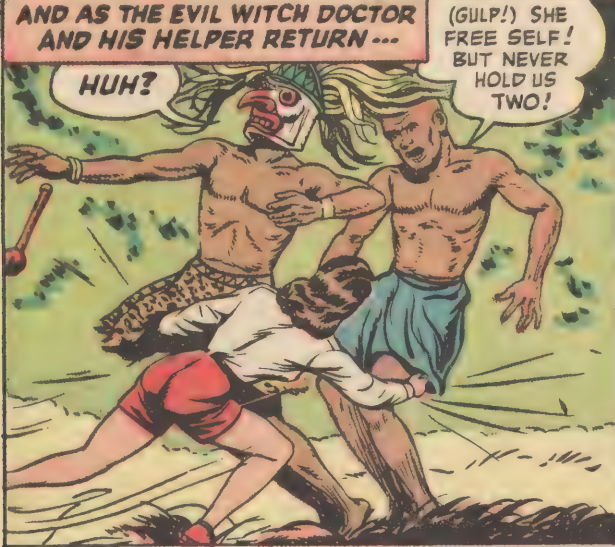




**AND AS THE EVIL WITCH DOCTOR
AND HIS HELPER RETURN ...**

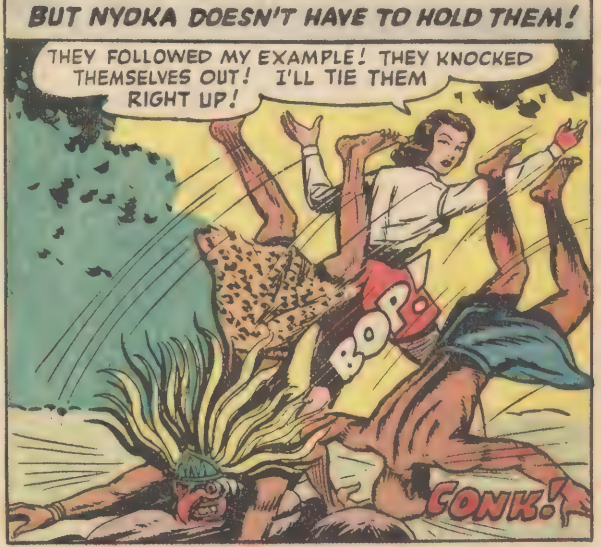
(GULP!) SHE
FREE SELF!
BUT NEVER
HOLD US
TWO!

HUH?



BUT NYOKA DOESN'T HAVE TO HOLD THEM!

THEY FOLLOWED MY EXAMPLE! THEY KNOCKED
THEMSELVES OUT! I'LL TIE THEM
RIGHT UP!



MINUTES LATER ---

NOW THEY WON'T BE ABLE
TO CAUSE ME ANY TROUBLE
WHILE I TRY TO REACH MY
GIFT SHOP BEFORE NOMO
AND HIS WARRIORS!



BUT AT THE SAME TIME ---

WE HAVE GIFT SHOP
SURROUNDED, TONDO!
WE KNOW YOU IN
THERE! SO,
COME OUT!



ME DO THAT
WITH PLEASURE!

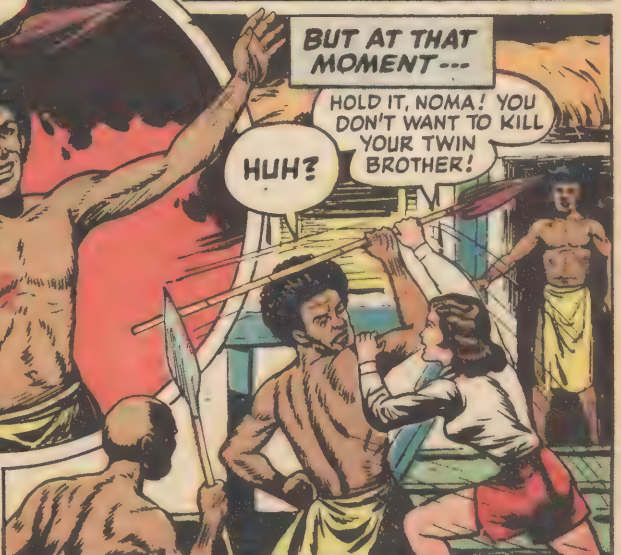
ALL RIGHT, ME GIVE SELF
UP! ME KNOW WHEN
LICKED! GO AHEAD
AND KILL ME!



**BUT AT THAT
MOMENT ---**

HOLD IT, NOMA! YOU
DON'T WANT TO KILL
YOUR TWIN
BROTHER!

HUH?



TWIN BROTHER? WHAT STORY YOU MAKE UP NOW?

NOMO MY BROTHER? WHAT PROOF YOU GOT, NYOKA?

I REALLY HAVE NONE! I ONLY OVER-HEARD THE WITCH DOCTOR SAY IT---

--- BUT LOOK AT THE HEARTS ON YOUR ARMS! IF YOU PUT THEM TOGETHER, THEY FORM ONE PERFECT ONE! THAT SHOULD BE PROOF ENOUGH!

IT TRUE! BEFORE FATHER DIE, HE TELL ME ABOUT MARK PUT ON ARM WHEN CHILDREN SO CAN TELL US APART! NO UNDERSTAND!

AND AFTER TONDO TELLS HIS STORY, THEY ALL RETURN TO THE TWO TIED BACCO NATIVES---

THAT'S RIGHT, NYOKA! YOU TAKE EVIL ONES TO JAIL AND ---

--- FROM NOW ON, BROTHER TONDO AND I RULE TRIBE TOGETHER! WE FIGHT NO MORE!

THAT'S THE WAY IT SHOULD ALWAYS BE BETWEEN BROTHERS! WORK AND PLAY TOGETHER AND NEVER FIGHT! SO LONG, NOW!

ROD CAMERON

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appear every
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ROD CAMERON
IN
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ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL
NEWSSTAND!

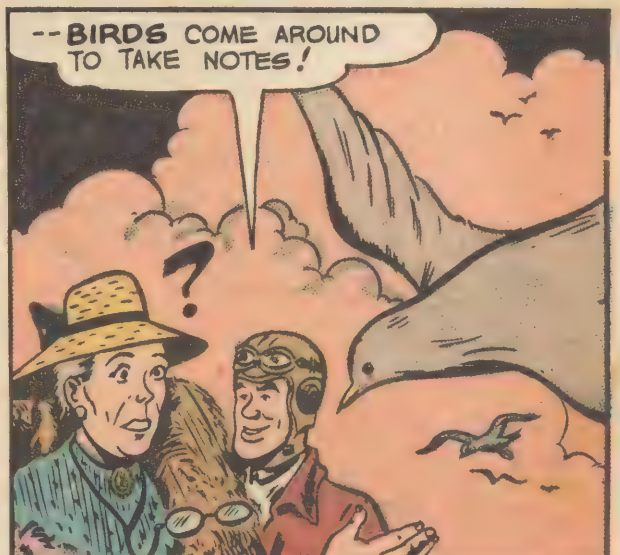
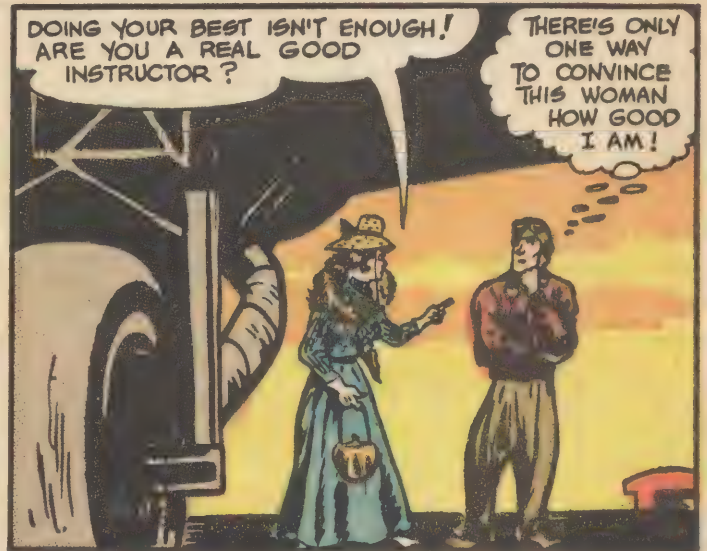
Cut on dotted line and paste on cardboard

ROD CAMERON

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PILOT PETE

GIVES THE BIRD

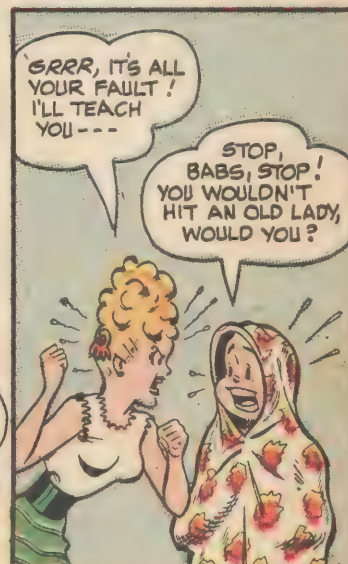
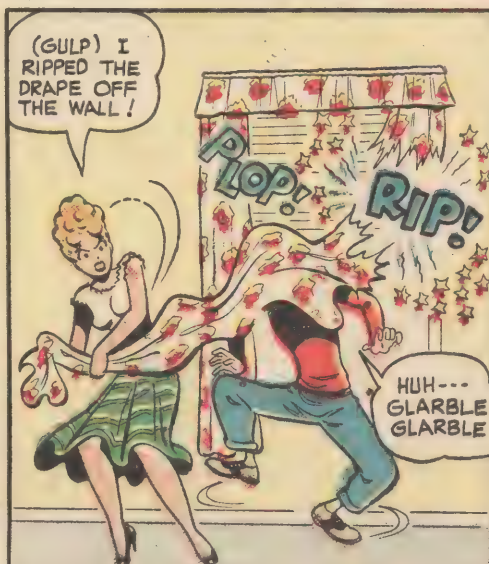
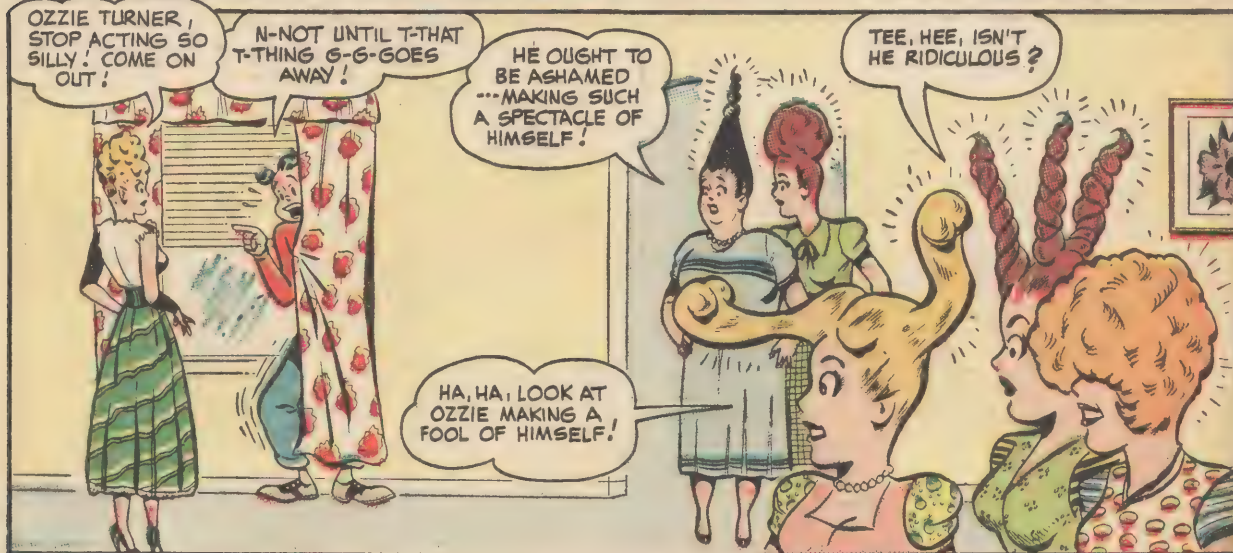
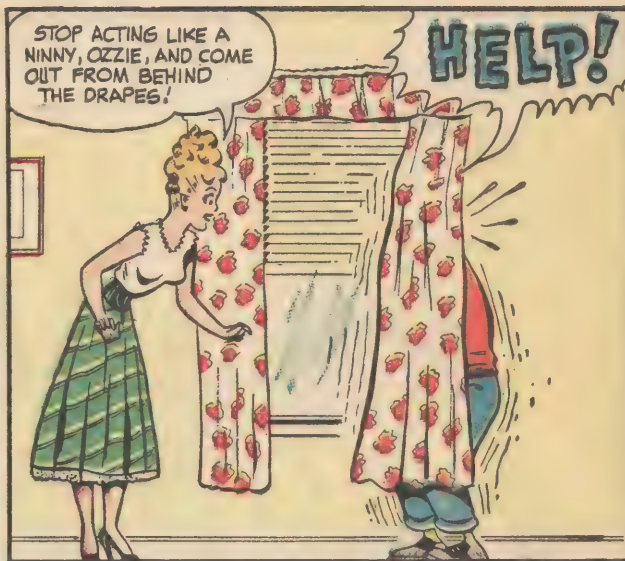


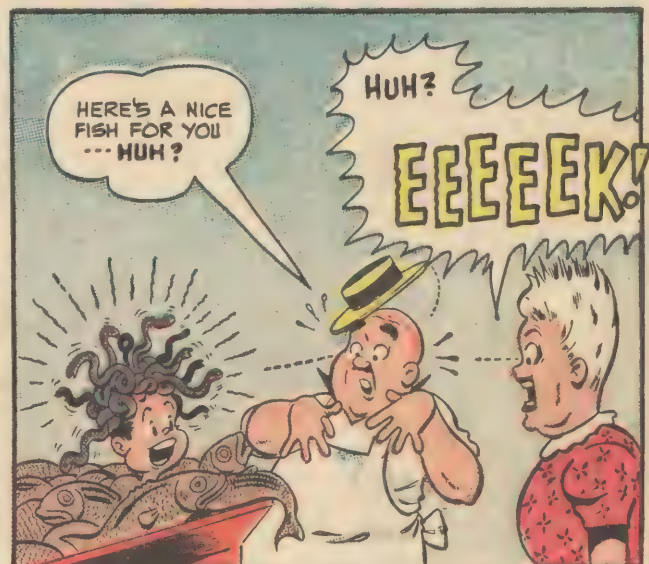
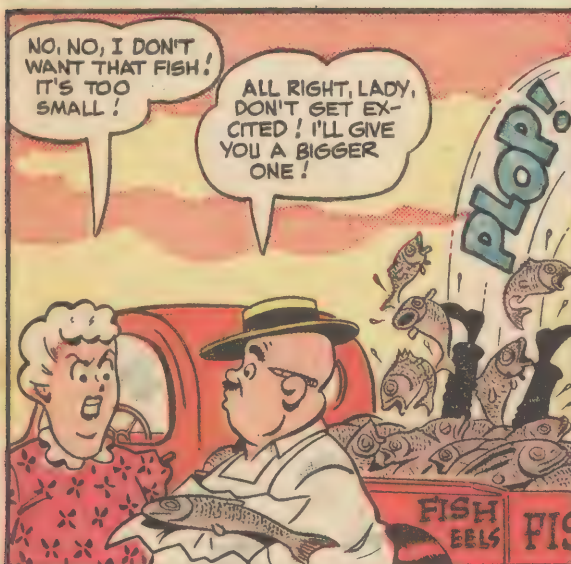
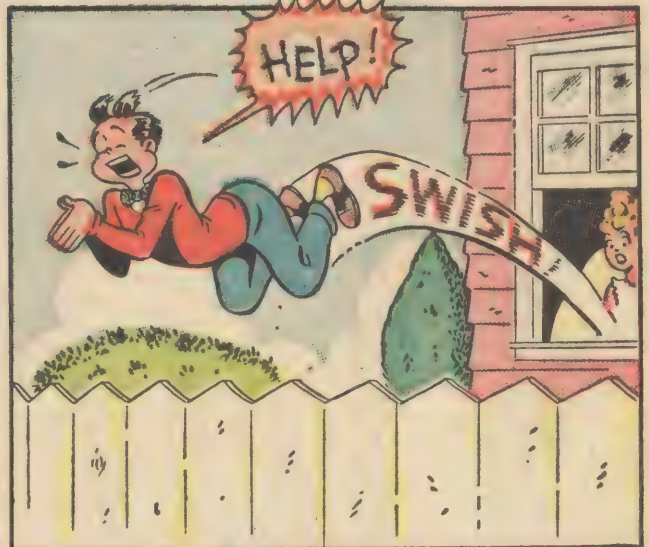
OZZIE *and* **BABS**

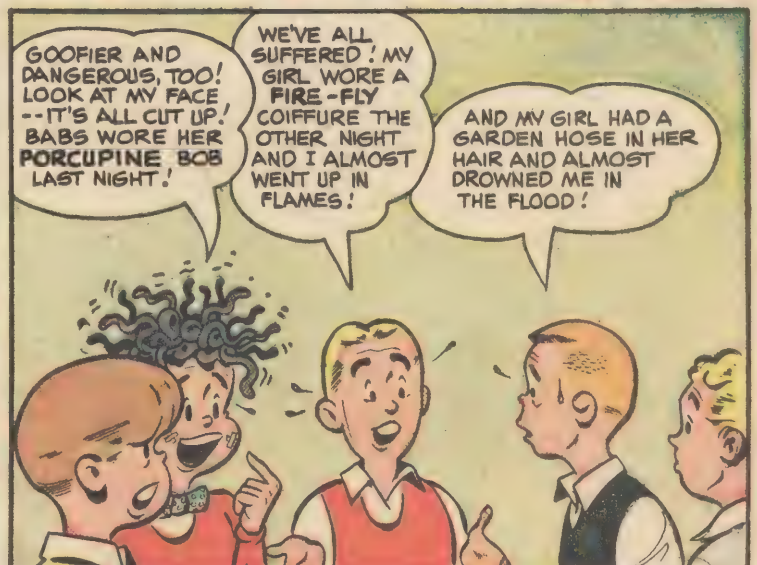
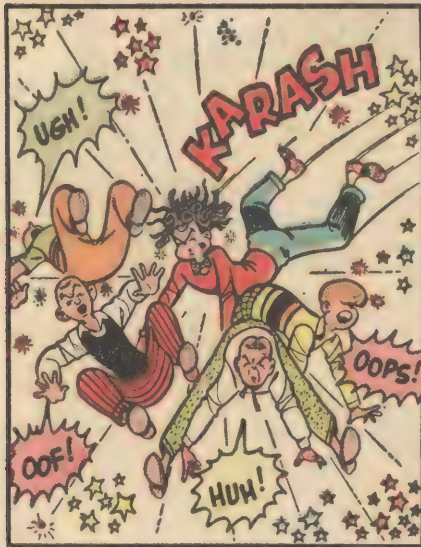
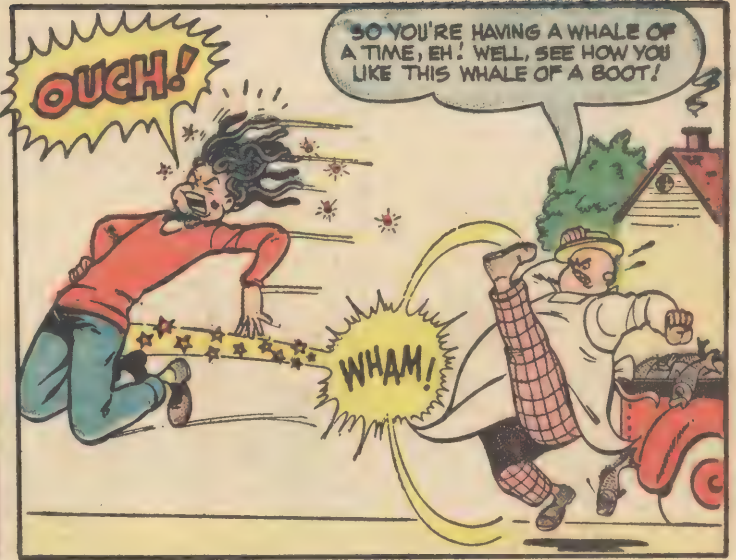
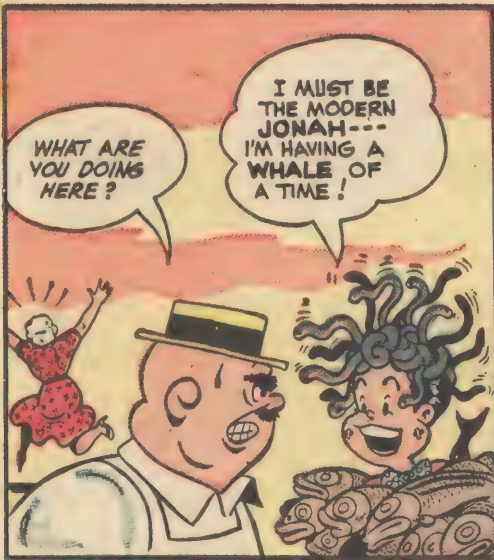
IN COIFFURE CRAZINESS!

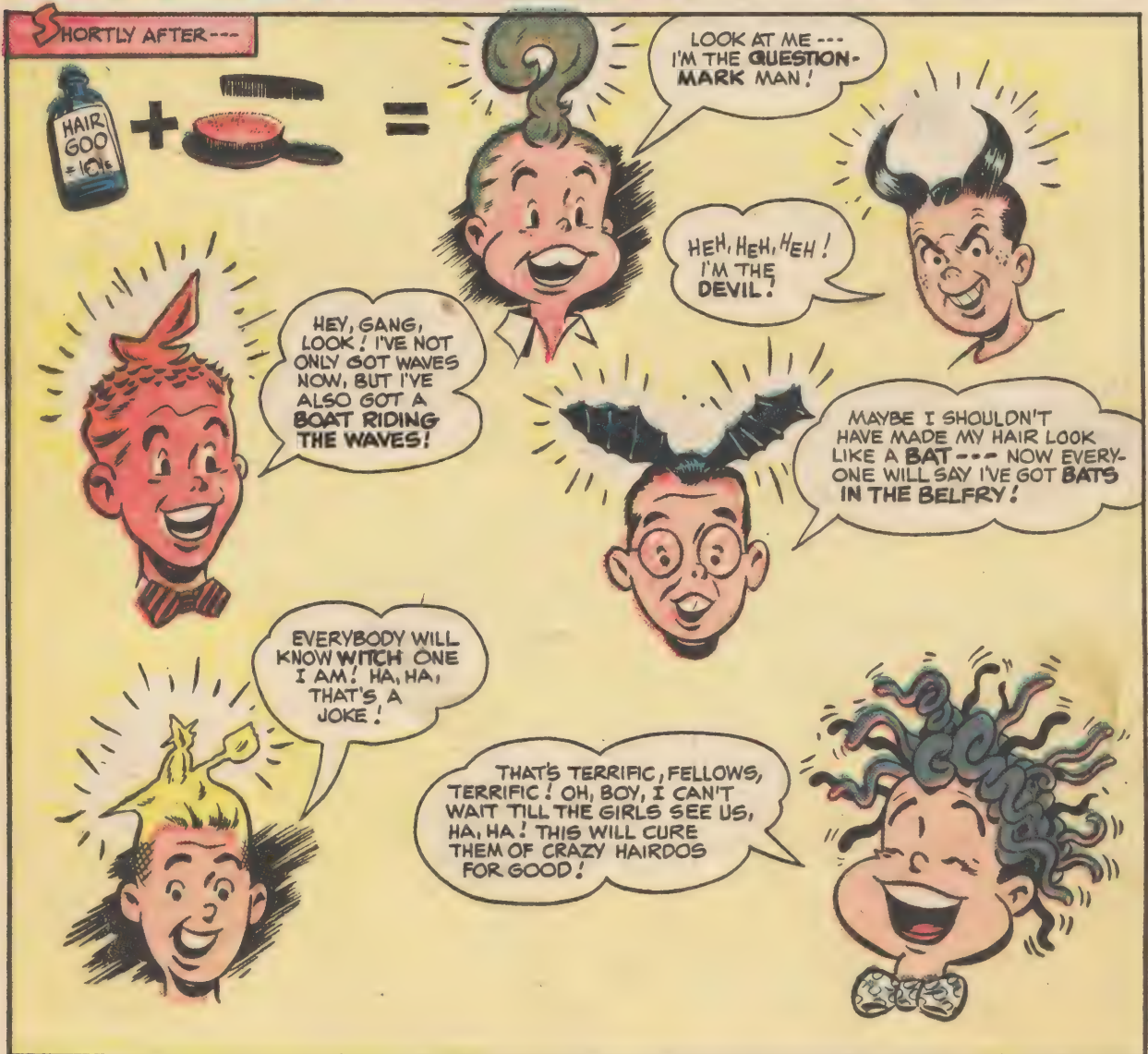
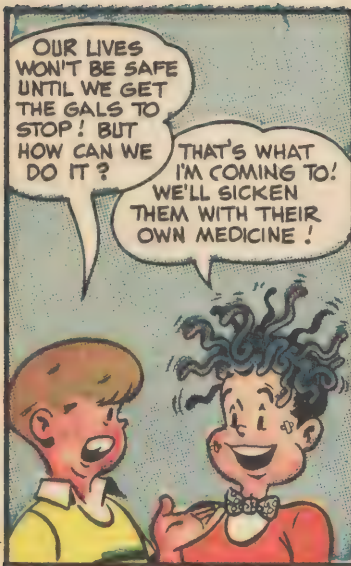
(GULP!)
IT'S ALIVE!
THERE'S A WILD
ANIMAL ON YOUR
HEAD, BABS!

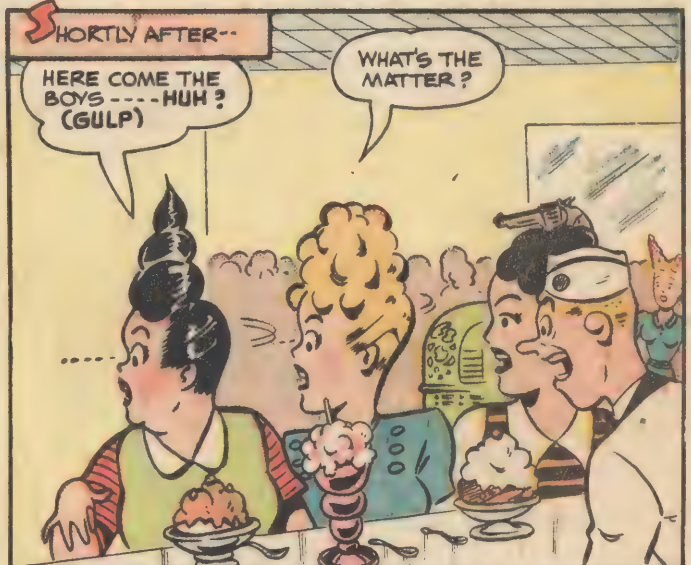
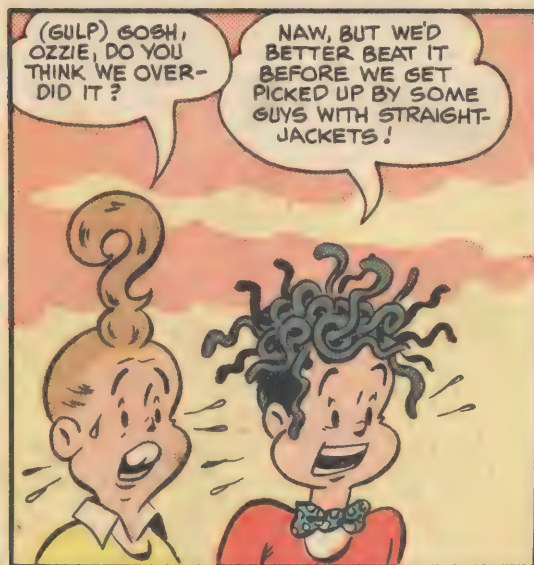
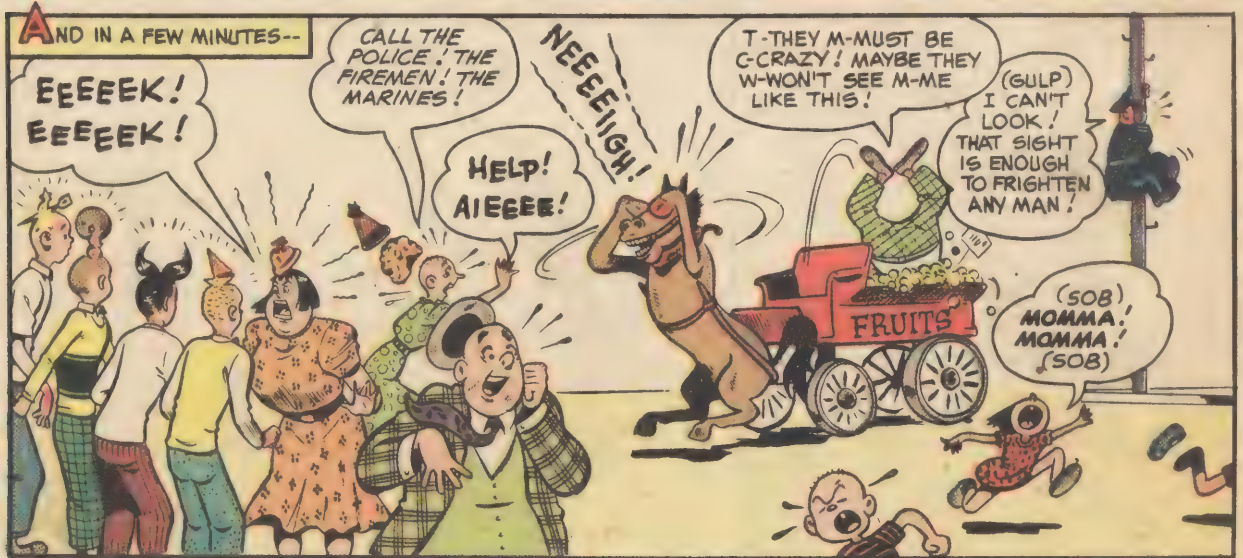
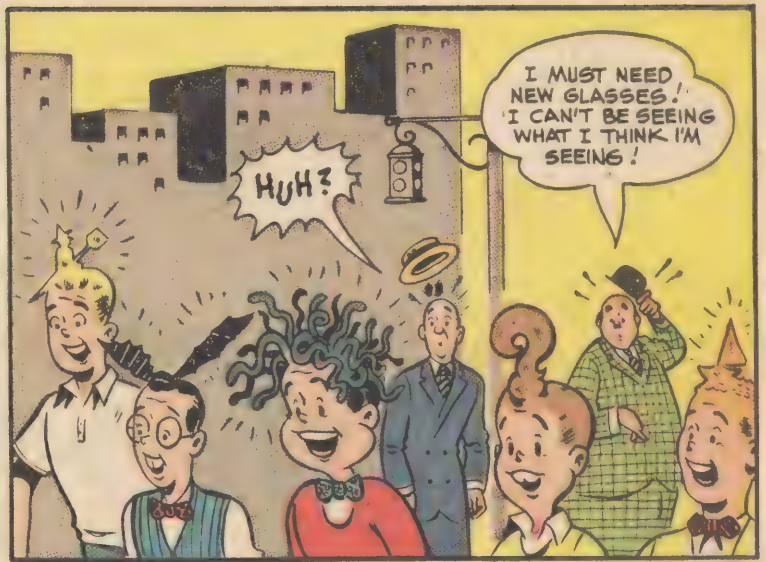


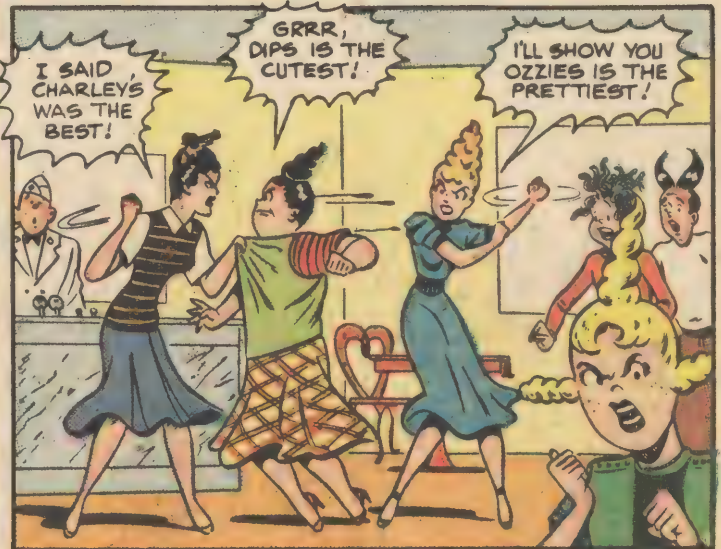




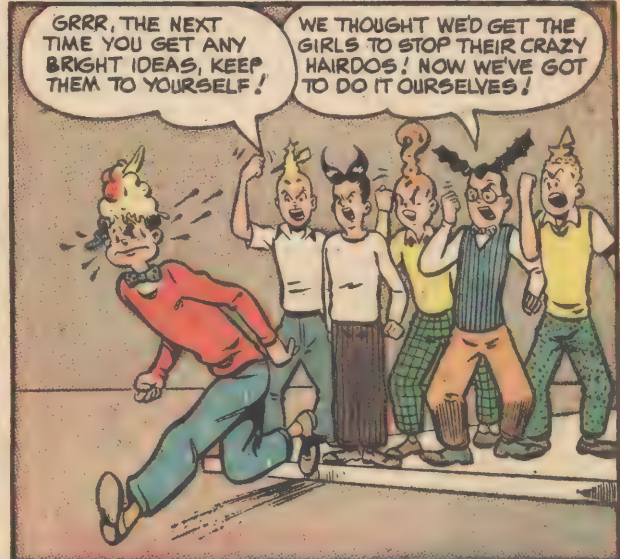
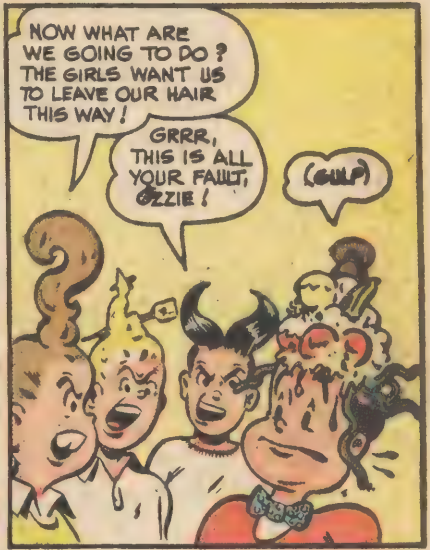
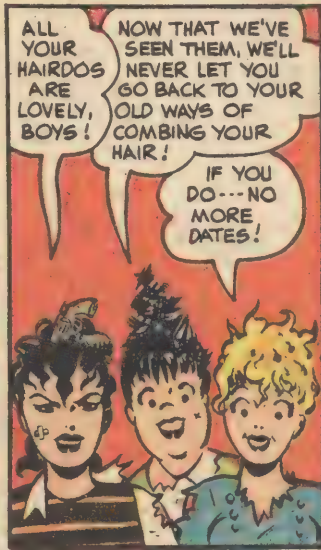
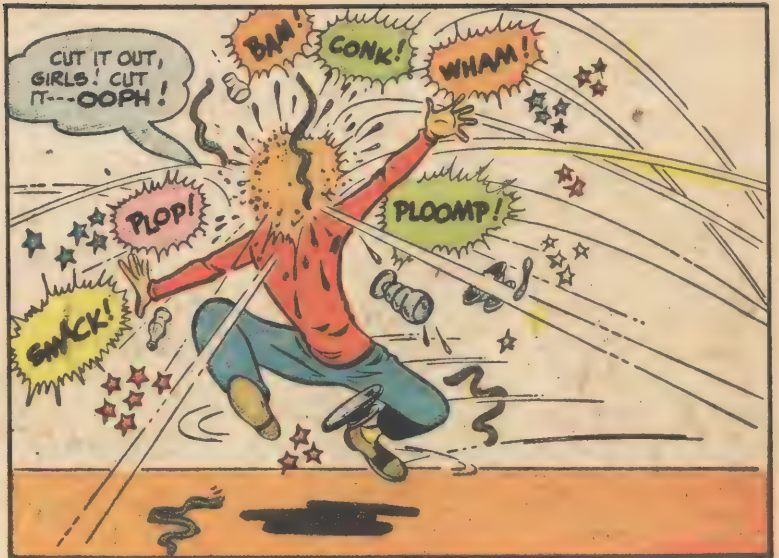




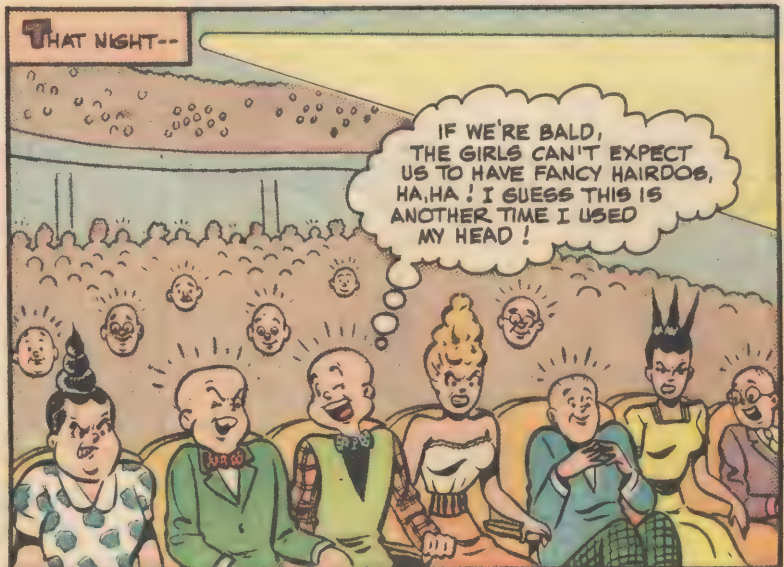
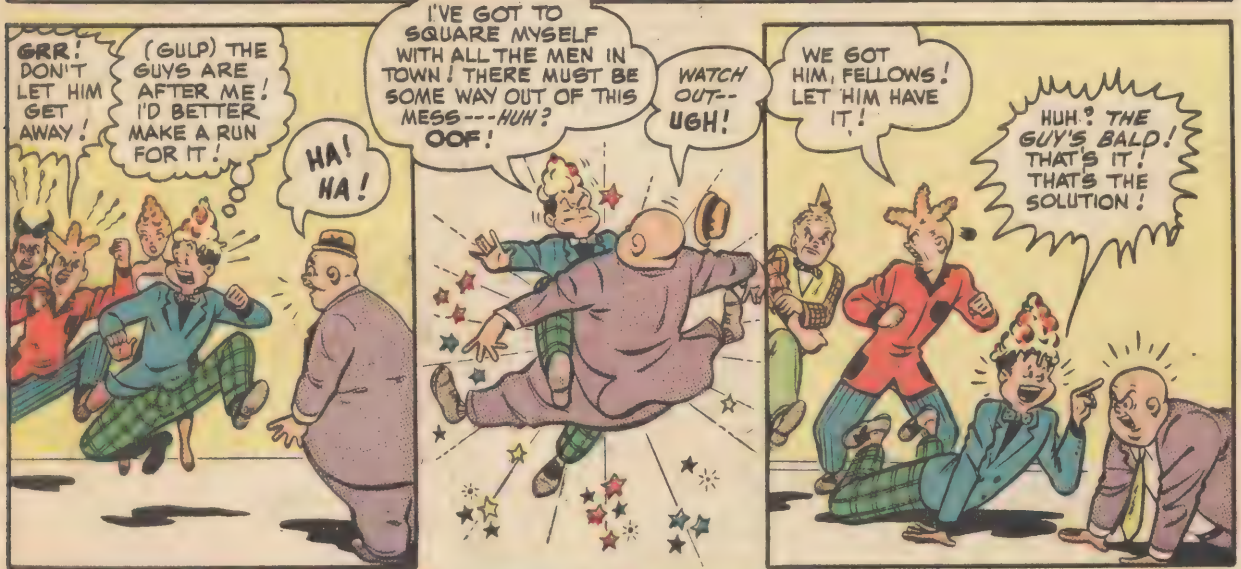
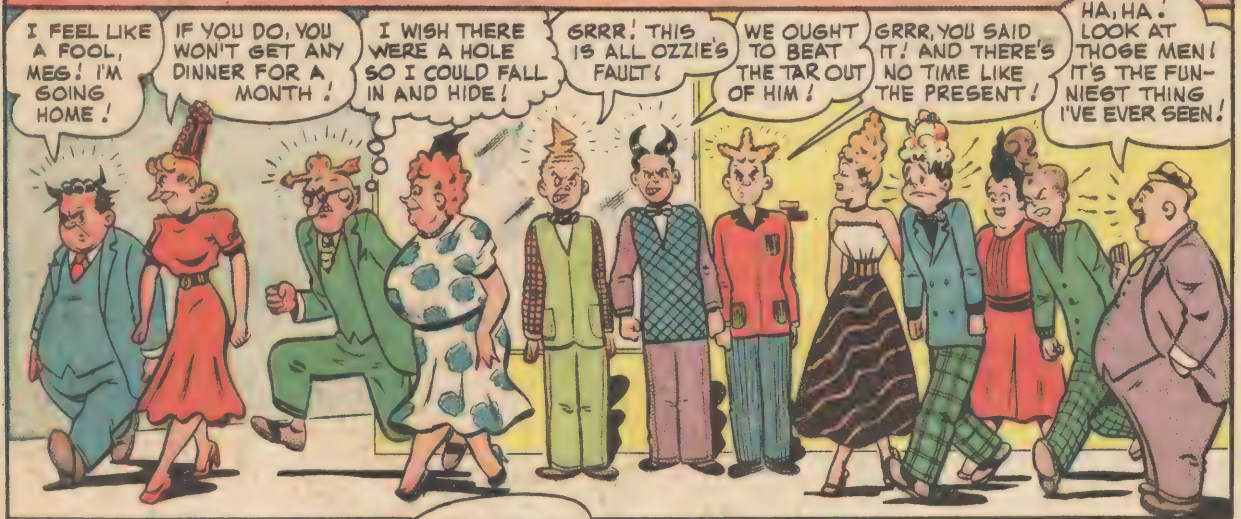




THE AIR IS FILLED WITH FLYING FRAPPES, FRUITS, NUTS AND CAKES...



THE FAD CATCHES ON ALL OVER TOWN! AND THE INFLUENCE OF THE GIRLS SHOWS ITSELF!



HERE'S YOUR CHANCE
BOYS AND GIRLS...
TWO SWELL PREMIUMS
FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

**BOTH
FOR ONLY
15¢**

AND ONE HOT
RALSTON OR INSTANT
RALSTON BOX TOP

**BIG
2 FOR 1
TOM MIX
OFFER!**

1 Golden-Plastic Bullet Telescope

Be first in your Straight Shooters gang with this new, super-useful good-luck charm!

Powerful Telescope! Sturdy, easy to focus! Distant objects four times larger!

Magnifying Glass! Make things 4 times bigger! Spot fingerprints, counterfeit bills — read pinpricked code messages!

A "Smellifier," Too! Lots of fun mystifying your friends with magic lens that makes things look 20 times smaller!

Secret Compartment! Plenty of room for secret maps or messages!

2 Magic-Tone Birdcall

Fits snugly inside the Golden-Plastic Bullet Telescope.

Be a leader on hunting and camping trips—use your Straight Shooter Birdcall to imitate all sorts of fowl and wildlife—signal others to meet you!

Use it as a whistle for refereeing or cheering at games—as a trick voice that makes you sound like a *human bird*!

Send for this exciting pair of premiums today!

USE THIS COUPON

TOM MIX, Box 808-A, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Tom: Enclosed are 15¢ in cash and one Hot Ralston or Instant Ralston box top. Please send me Tom Mix's Golden-Plastic Bullet Telescope AND Magic-Tone Birdcall.

Name

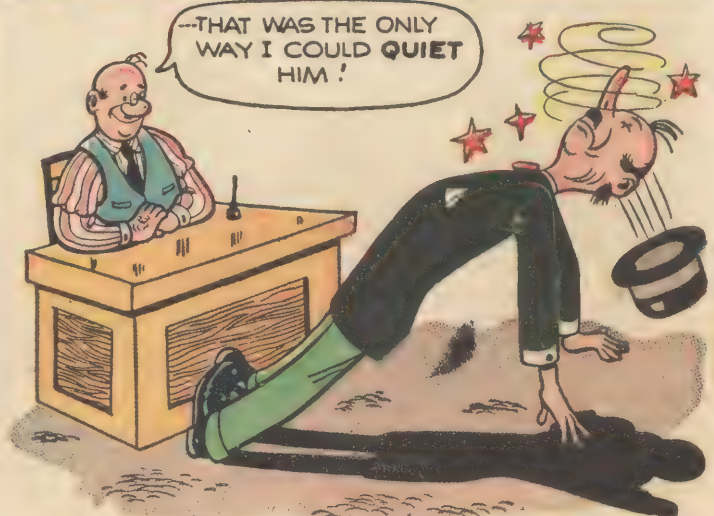
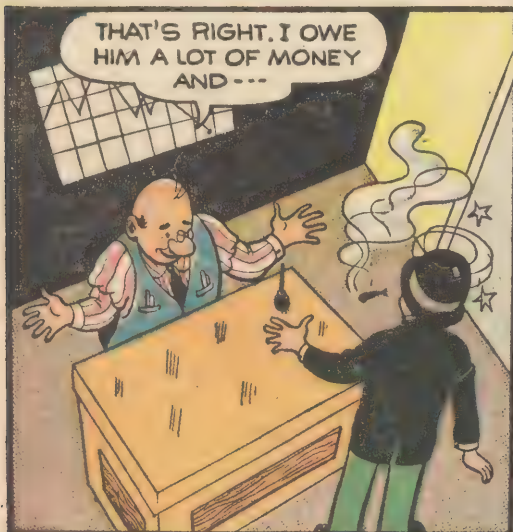
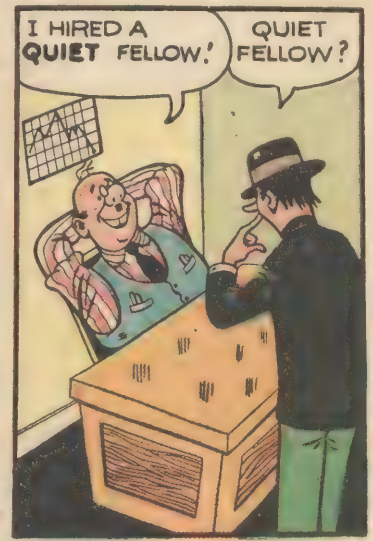
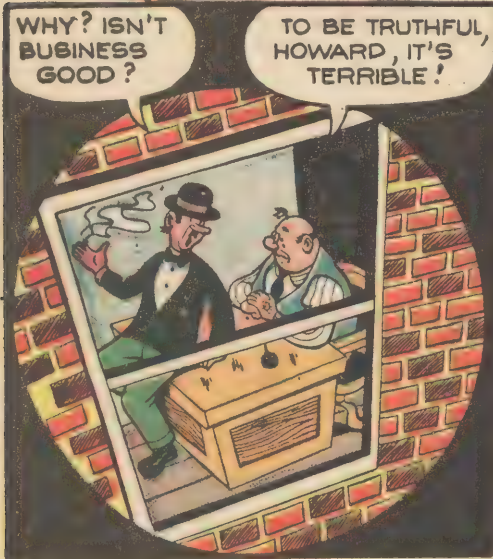
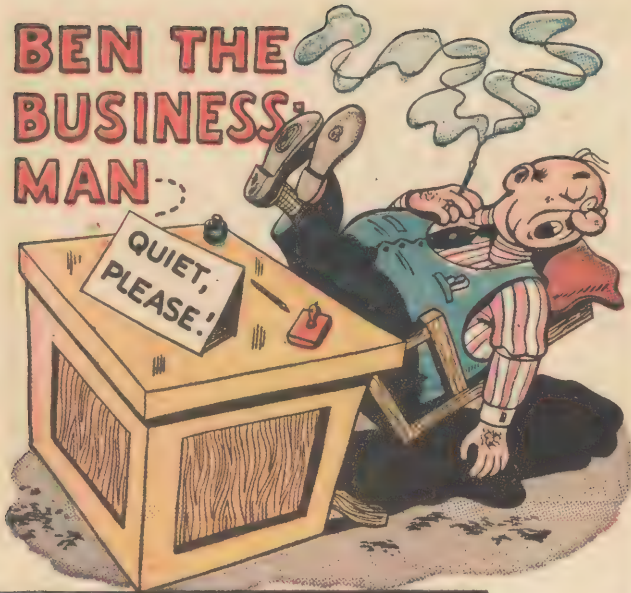
Address

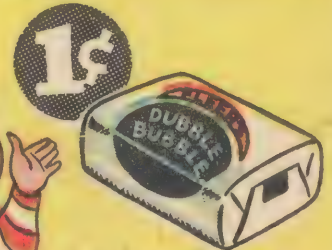
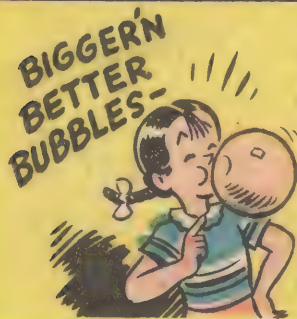
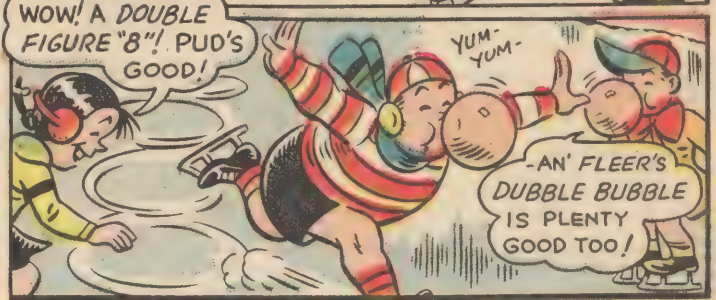
City State

IMPORTANT: If you don't have a coupon just write your name and address on the back of a Hot Ralston or Instant Ralston box top and mail with 15¢ to Tom Mix. Please do not send stamps. Offer good only in U.S. and may be withdrawn at any time.

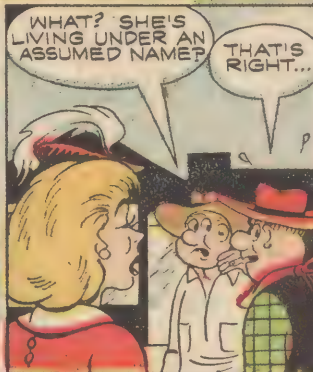
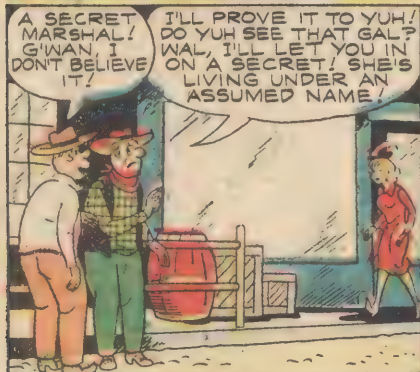
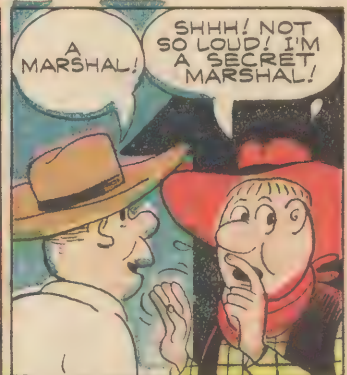
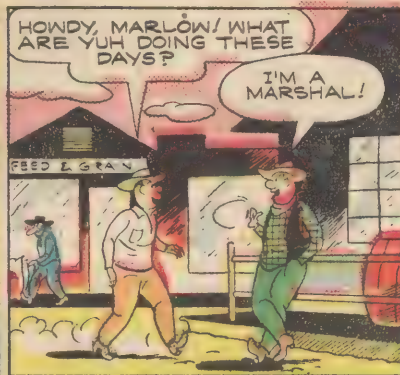
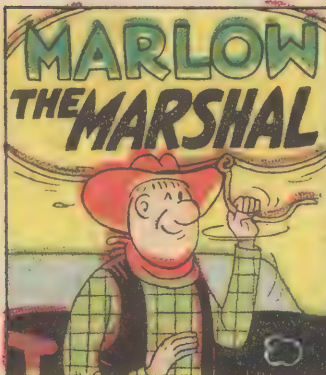


BEN THE BUSINESS MAN



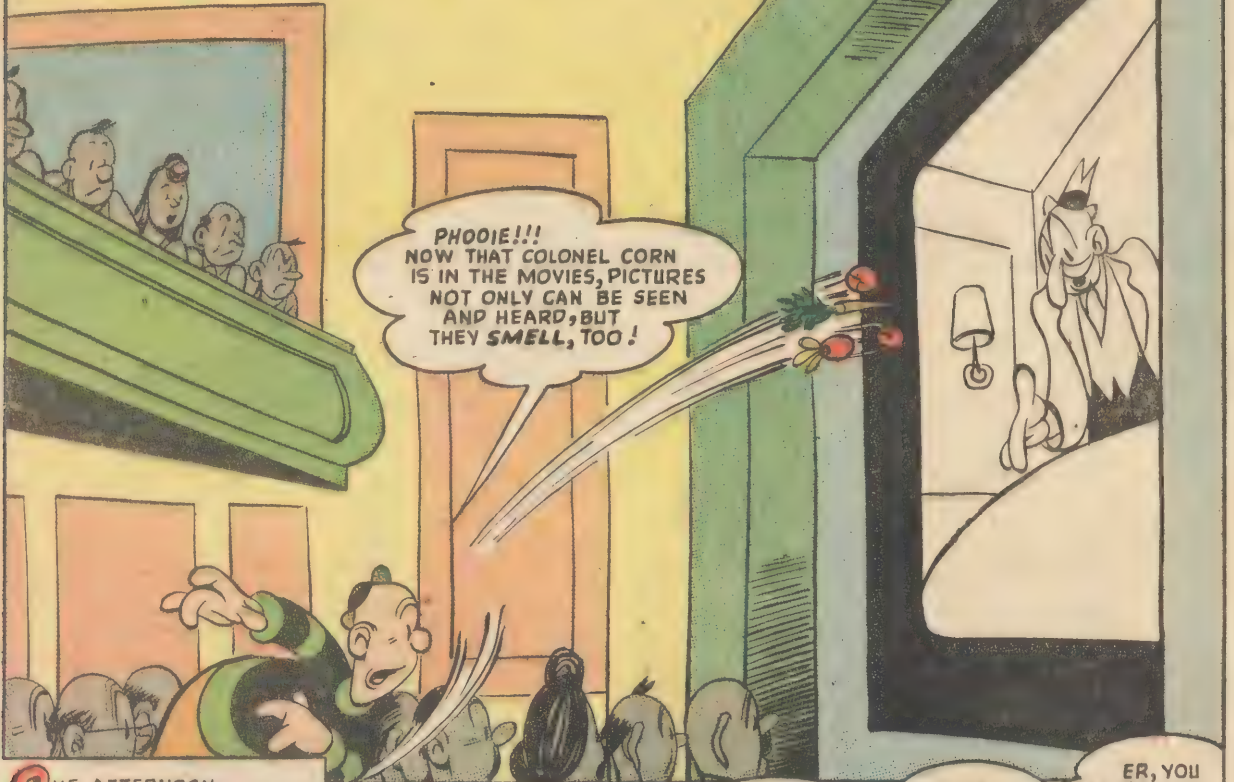


FRANK H. FLEER CORP.
PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.

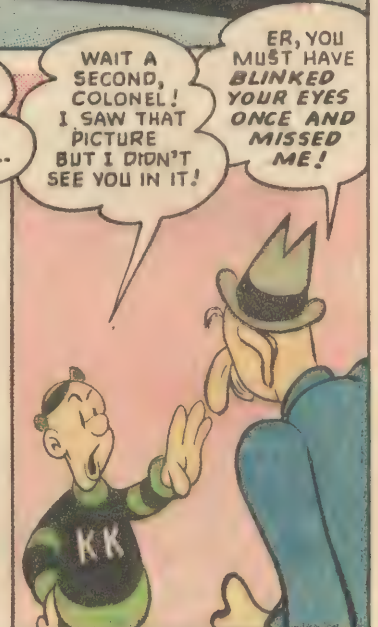


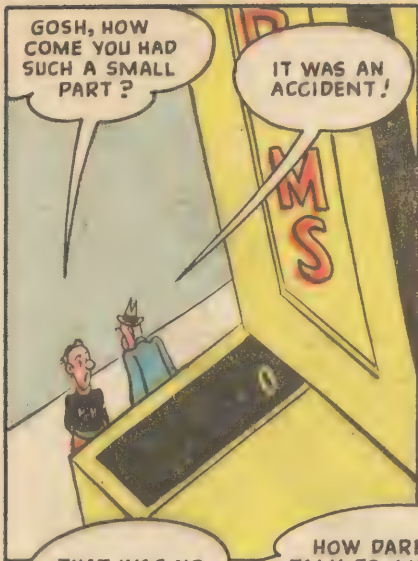
COLONEL CORN AND KORN KORB

IN FLICKER FOOLS



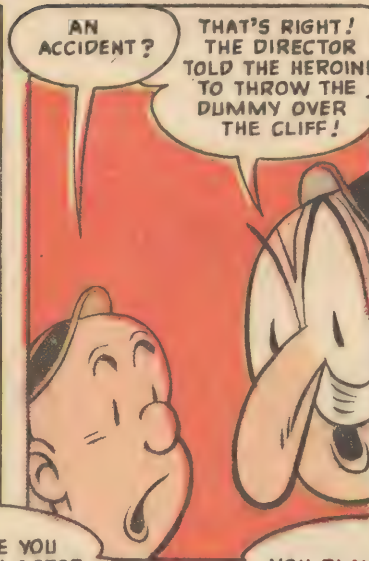
ONE AFTERNOON.....





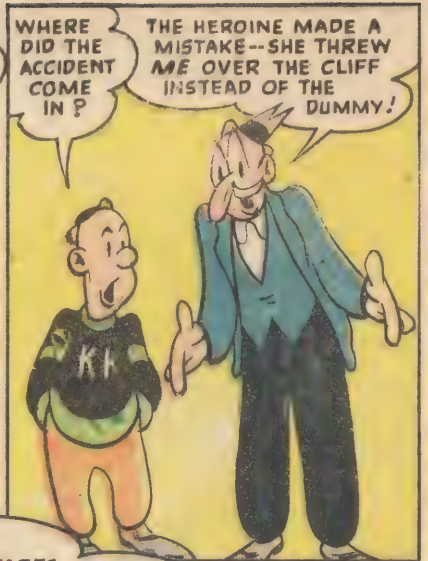
GOSH, HOW
COME YOU HAD
SUCH A SMALL
PART ?

IT WAS AN
ACCIDENT !



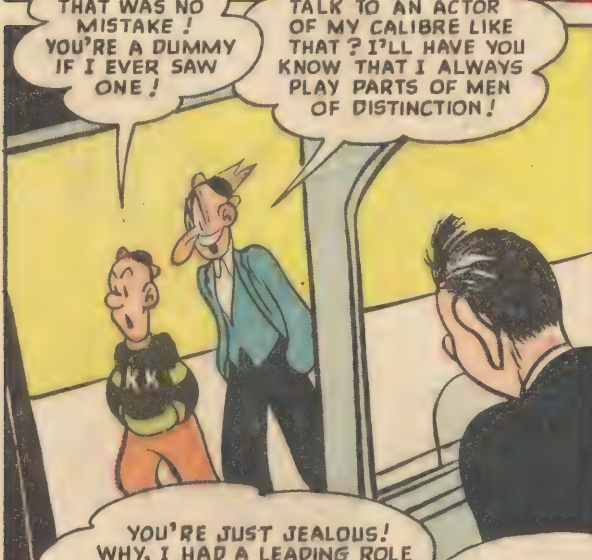
AN
ACCIDENT ?

THAT'S RIGHT !
THE DIRECTOR
TOLD THE HEROINE
TO THROW THE
DUMMY OVER
THE CLIFF !



WHERE
DID THE
ACCIDENT
COME
IN ?

THE HEROINE MADE A
MISTAKE--SHE THREW
ME OVER THE CLIFF
INSTEAD OF THE
DUMMY !



THAT WAS NO
MISTAKE !
YOU'RE A DUMMY
IF I EVER SAW
ONE !

HOW DARE YOU
TALK TO AN ACTOR
OF MY CALIBRE LIKE
THAT ? I'LL HAVE YOU
KNOW THAT I ALWAYS
PLAY PARTS OF MEN
OF DISTINCTION !



YOU PLAY PARTS
OF MEN OF DISTINCTION ?
I SEE---YOU'RE A CHARACTER
ACTOR ! YOU PLAY TYPES
COMPLETELY DIFFERENT
FROM YOU !

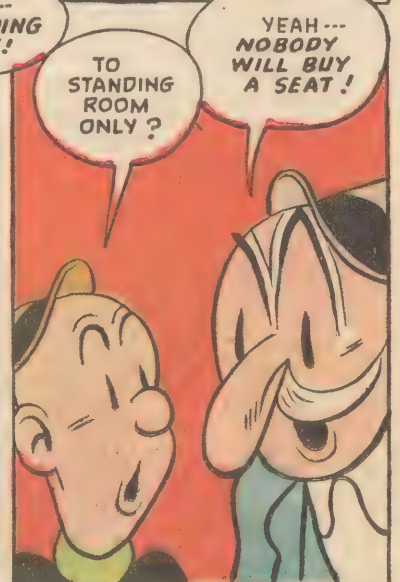
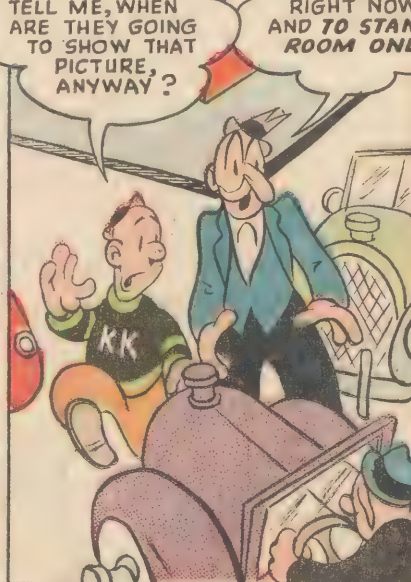
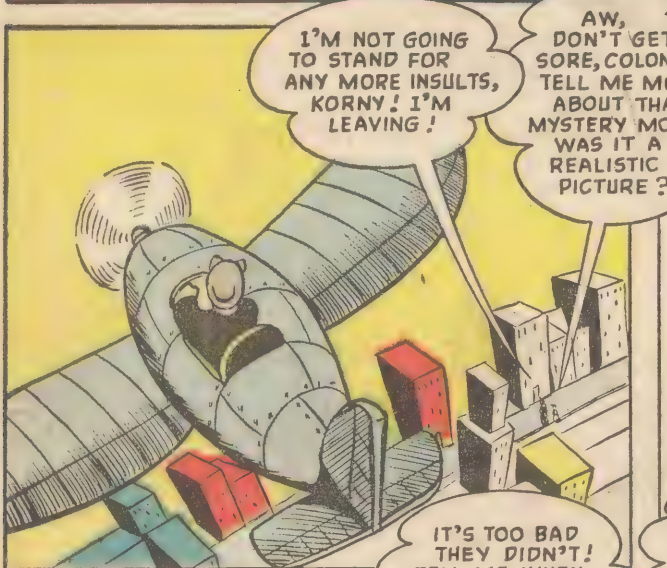
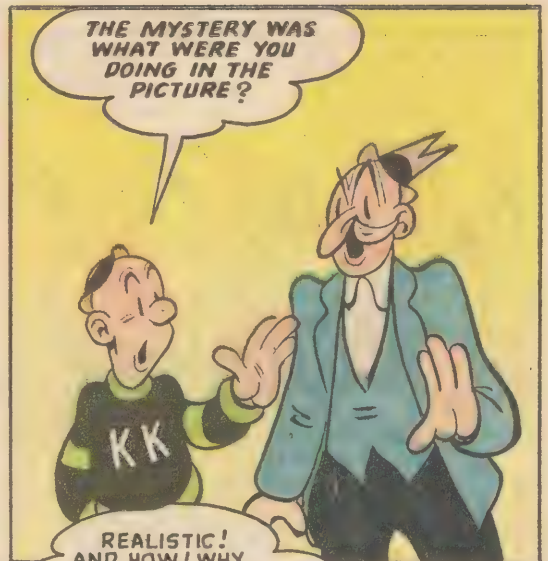


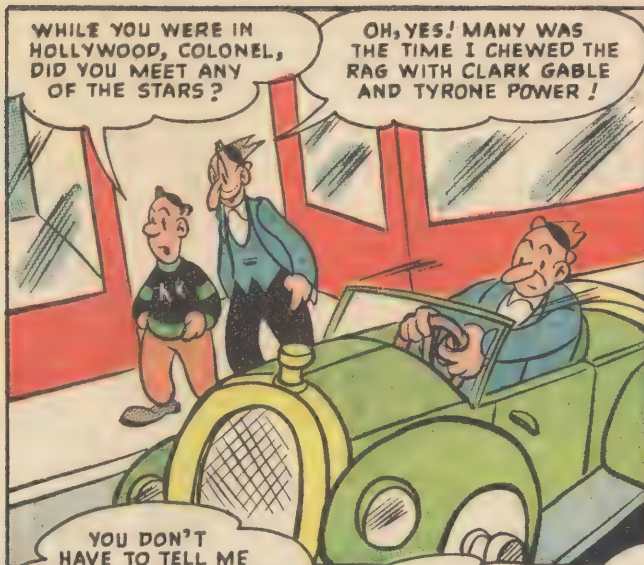
YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS !
WHY, I HAD A LEADING ROLE
IN A MURDER MYSTERY
PICTURE AND MY NAME
WAS ON TOP OF THE
CAST !

THEY LISTED
YOUR NAME FIRST
IN A MURDER
MYSTERY MOVIE !
HOW COME ?



THE CHARACTERS
WERE LISTED IN ORDER
OF THEIR DISAPPEARANCE---
I WAS MURDERED IN
THE FIRST REEL !





WHILE YOU WERE IN HOLLYWOOD, COLONEL, DID YOU MEET ANY OF THE STARS?

OH, YES! MANY WAS THE TIME I CHEWED THE RAG WITH CLARK GABLE AND TYRONE POWER!



HOW NICE!

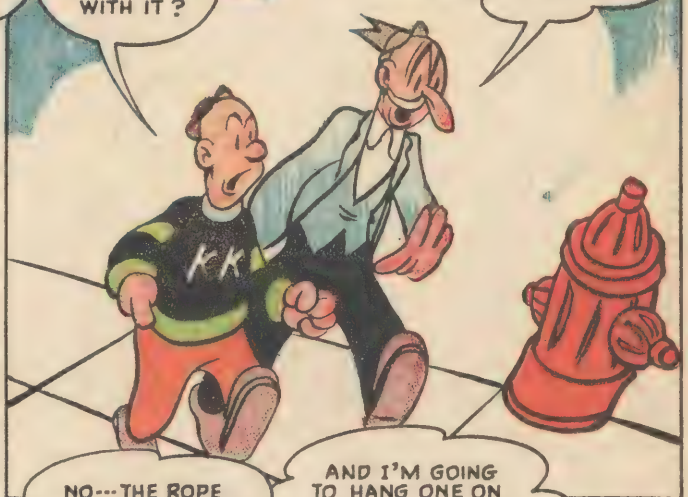
YES--- BUT MOST OF THE TIME I CHEWED THE BONE WITH LASSIE!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME YOU'VE GONE TO THE DOGS! BUT I'M SURPRISED LASSIE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH A ROTTEN ACTOR LIKE YOU!

YOU WOULDN'T SAY THAT IF MY UNCLE WERE AROUND!

WHAT'S YOUR UNCLE GOT TO DO WITH IT?

HE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I KNOW ABOUT ACTING!



WAS HE ON THE STAGE?

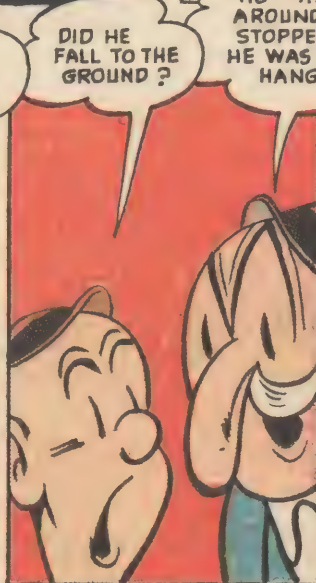
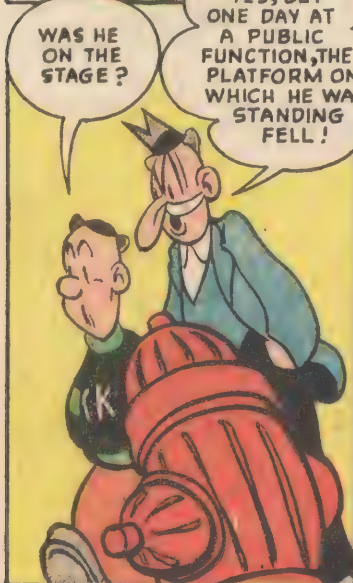
YES, BUT ONE DAY AT A PUBLIC FUNCTION, THE PLATFORM ON WHICH HE WAS STANDING FELL!


DID HE FALL TO THE GROUND?

NO--- THE ROPE AROUND HIS NECK STOPPED HIM! HE WAS BEING HANGED!

AND I'M GOING TO HANG ONE ON YOUR CHIN BEFORE YOU INSULT ME AGAIN! YOU'RE NOT MY UNCLE BUT YOU'RE A PAIN IN THE NECK ANYWAY!

UGH!





NO HOLES BARRED



A VACUUM BLOOBSTUTTER Story

By Rod Reed

VACUUM BLOOBSTUTTER, general manager of the United States Hole-Making Corp., sat at his desk, idly tapping on the mahogany top with a pencil point.

"I wish you wouldn't do that," said a voice from the window ledge. "It makes me nervous."

Bloobstutter looked up at the woodpecker perched on the sill. "Makes you nervous?" he exclaimed incredulously. "Tapping on wood makes a woodpecker nervous?"

"It's not just the tapping," replied the woodpecker. "It's the rhythm. It reminds me of a girl I used to be engaged to."

"You were engaged to a girl?" Once more Bloobstutter's eyebrows rose in surprise.

"A girl woodpecker, of course," said the bird with a sigh. "They're married now and have three eggs."

Bloobstutter rose, took off his glasses and was wiping them as he stepped toward the window. He reached out to pat the bird comfortably on the head as he said, "You'll find another girl."

"Look out!" yelled the woodpecker as Bloob, who could not see too well without his glasses, nearly stuck his hand in the electric fan.

Dreamily the man looked upward, out the window. "There's a rather pretty bird flying by now," he said. "Perhaps you could win her love."

Red the woodpecker looked up. "That's an airplane," he snorted. "You'd better put your glasses back on."

Bloobstutter did so and looked again. It was indeed an airplane, a sky-writer, and he was horrified to see what it was writing. In words a mile wide it said, "*Holes are Horrible!*"

"My goodness!" exclaimed the man, running to pick up a broom that leaned against the wall behind his desk. "I've got to put a stop to this!"

He clutched the broom handle and cried:

*A phrase like that
Can cause me pain!
Wish I was up there
With that plane!*

The broom, with Bloob astride it, sailed out the window and upward toward the sky-writer. From a distance Bloob looked quite a lot like a witch. That was only logical for it was, indeed, a witch broom. It gave him certain magical powers, such as the ability to converse with woodpeckers. It would also grant any wish made in rhyme.

There was an empty seat beside the pilot and the broom set Bloob down there. Tapping the pilot politely on the shoulder, he said, "I'm Vacuum Bloobstutter."

"You look it," said the flier.

"Er, who are you?" asked Bloob.

"I'm Philip DeCrevice," said the other, "and I'm very busy right now. Would you mind stepping outside till I finish my writing?"

"That's what I want to talk to you about," responded Bloob. "You said 'holes are horrible.'"

"They are."

"They are not."

"They are!"

"Aren't!"

"Are!"

"LOOK here," asserted Bloob. "I'm with the U. S. Hole-Making Corporation. Our business is making holes. If you write all over the sky that holes are horrible, it'll hurt our business. It may ruin us."

"That's just too bad," snarled DeCrevice. "I happen to be boss and owner of the International Hole-Removing Company. I want to get rid of holes. I hope I *do* ruin your business. Now get out of here and let me work."

As he spoke he flashed out his big fist and punched the smaller man in the jaw. The blow knocked little Bloobstutter unconscious. He

fell from the plane and plummeted earthward at a sickening pace.

Cruising below, Red, the woodpecker saw him and thought, "Oh, Oh! This is the end of my friend."

He saw the body whirl into a cloud and watched for it to fall through. He watched and watched. His beak fell open in amazement. Nothing came through.

"It looks as if that cloud just plain swallowed him up!" exclaimed Red.

In a daze, he flew back to his perch on the window sill. To his great astonishment, he saw Bloobstutter seated behind his desk, running a hand through the three hairs atop his bald head.

The bird gulped twice, then flew into the office and perched on the shiny pate. He gave the head a sharp peck with his beak.

"Ouch!" cried the man. "What did you do that for?"

"Just making sure you weren't a ghost," said Red. "I thought you were a goner."

"Oh, I see," said Bloob. "I must have been unconscious, but I had a grip on the broom. So the first thing I remembered was falling into a rain cloud and having rainy mist dashed on my face. Guess that revived me. Anyway, I said:

*If I land down there
I'll be just a blob!
I wish I was back
At my regular job!*

"So the broom saved you and your worries are over," declared the woodpecker.

"So my worries are just beginning. That fellow, Philip DeCrevice, is determined to put us out of business."

ALL too soon big billboards began appearing along the roadsides saying, "Are there holes in your roof? Driveway? Pants? We will remove them?"

In magazines were ads saying, "We remove rat holes, cat holes, bat holes, gnat holes."

Jingles on the radio said, "Are you men or moles? Get rid of your holes."

Bloobstutter was so worried he nearly tore out his three remaining hairs. Such a campaign against holes was bound to have its effect on the general public. It was first noticeable when a lot of people stopped eating doughnuts and concentrated on Danish pastry.

Bakeries began returning unused doughnut holes by the dozen.

In desperation, Bloob decided to call upon Philip DeCrevice in his office and try to reason with him. The little man knocked on the office door with his broom handle and a booming voice roared, "Come in."

Bloob began pleading with the boss of the International Hole-Removing Company to play ball. Mr. DeCrevice laughed a sneering laugh and replied, "I won't play ball. It's not a game! I wish I didn't have a hole to my name!"

"Excuse me," said Bloob. "Would you hold this broom a minute? I want to write that down so I can report back to the board of directors." He handed the broom over to DeCrevice and reached in his own pocket for pencil and paper. "Now, would you repeat that please?"

DeCrevice responded in his roaring voice, "I won't play ball. It's not a game. I wish I didn't have a hole to my name!" As he spoke he waved the broom for emphasis.

"Thank you," said Bloobstutter and took back his magic wish broom.

"Now get out!" roared DeCrevice. "I'm going to lock up my desk and—"

He stopped. He couldn't lock his desk. There was no keyhole. He tried to buzz for his secretary, but couldn't. There was no hole for the buzzer button. He started to reach in his pocket for a handkerchief to wipe his brow, but couldn't. There was no opening in his pocket. His rhymed wish had come true. He didn't have a hole to his name!

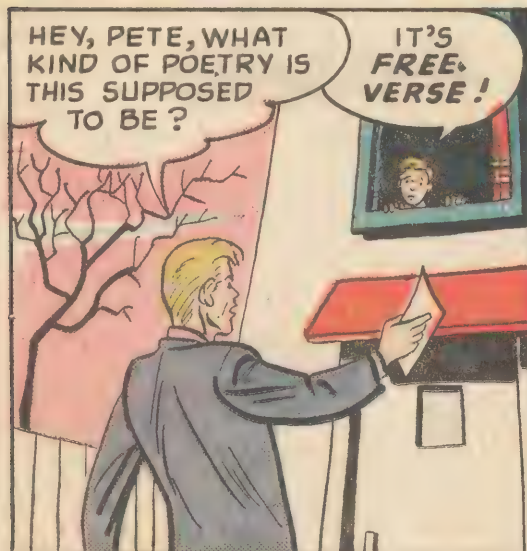
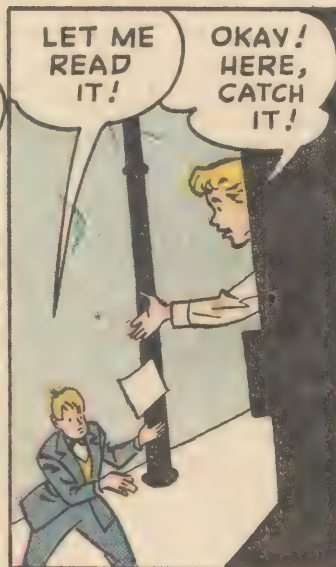
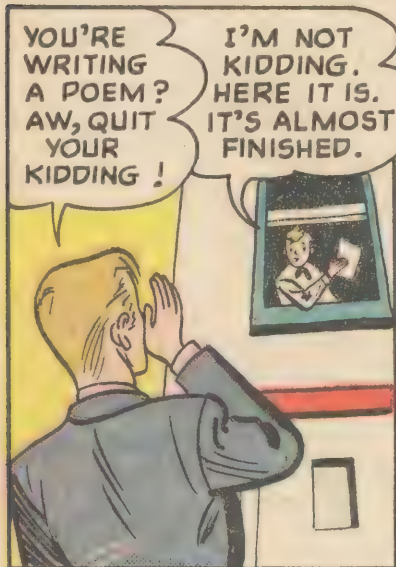
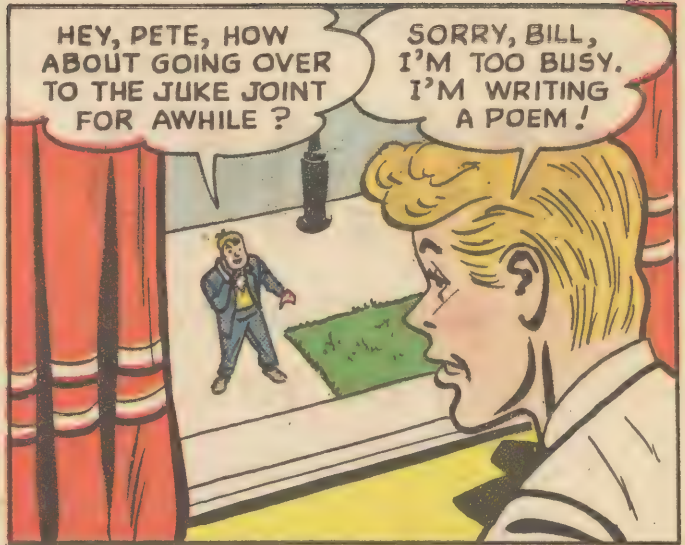
BLOOBSTUTTER was sitting at his desk smiling. "All's well that ends well," he said. DeCrevice agreed to cut out the objectionable advertising, so I let him borrow the broom to unwish his wish. The hole world is marching forward again."

Happily he beat his fingers on the desk in a marching sound.

"Don't do that!" exclaimed the woodpecker. "It reminds me—"

THE END

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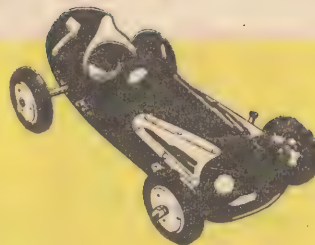
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planes

boats



MI Elf, 16-in. electric motor driven model all-balsa speedboat. Will run for hours on two flashlight batteries. A cinch to build. Plan No. 395, 25 cents.



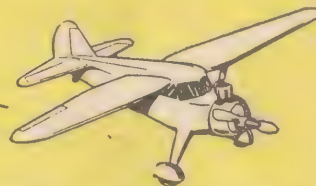
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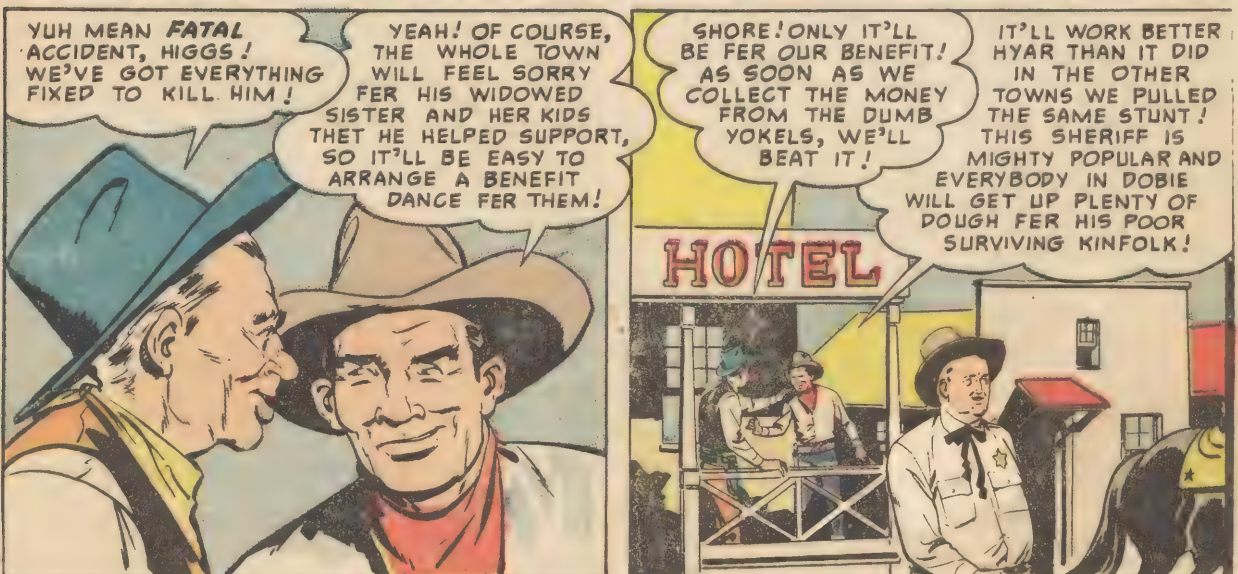
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AND WITH THE SHERIFF DEAD, WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY 'BOUT BEING CAUGHT!

KERREKT! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS WAIT TILL SATURDAY! EVERYTHING'S PLANNED!

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.....

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, MEALY! MIKE SHAW WILL BE PASSING BELOW ON HIS WAY TO HIS SISTER'S HOUSE FER CHOW!

GOOD! WE'VE SAWED THIS TREE SO IT'LL TAKE ONLY A LITTLE PUSH TO SEND IT CRASHING DOWN ON HIM!

IT'LL CRUSH THE LIFE OUTTA HIM!

AND JEST TO MAKE SHORE HE CAIN'T GIT OUT OF THE WAY, I SPREAD TAR OVER THE ROAD! HIS HOSS WILL GIT STUCK IN IT LONG ENOUGH TO STOP HIM FROM GETTING OUT OF THE PATH OF THE FALLING TREE!

SHORTLY AFTER, AT MIKE'S SISTER'S PLACE.....

NOW WHY CAN'T MY BROTHER BE LIKE YUH, TOM? HE'S ALWAYS LATE! THE WHOLE DINNER WILL BE RUINED BY THE TIME HE SHOWS UP!

DON'T FRET, SUE! I RECKON MIKE'S ON HIS WAY NOW!

MAYBE HE'S JUST MOSEYING ALONG! I'LL GO DOWN THE ROAD A WAY TO SEE IF I CAN SPOT HIM AND HURRY HIM ALONG!

MEANWHILE.....

LOOK! HYAR HE COMES!

GOOD! HE'LL BE PASSING BELOW US IN A FEW MOMENTS! GIT READY!

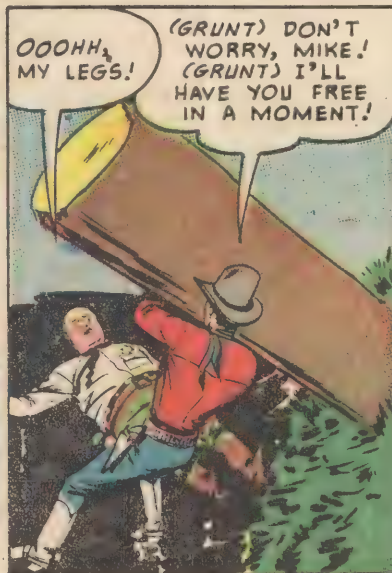
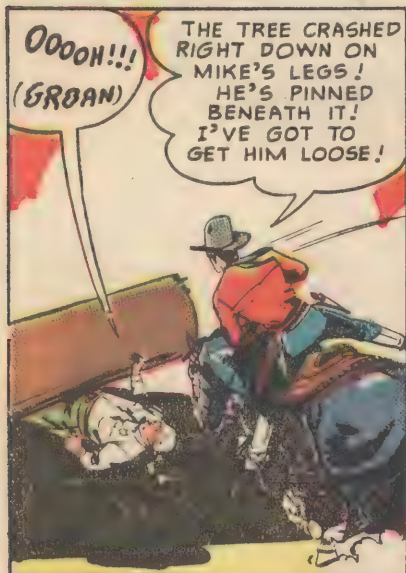
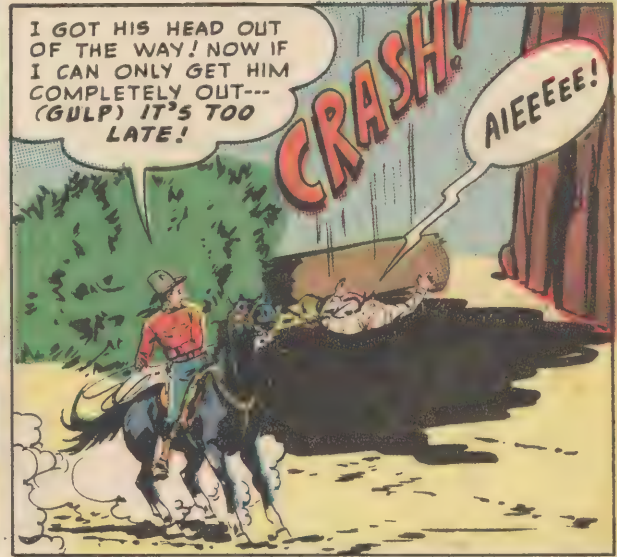
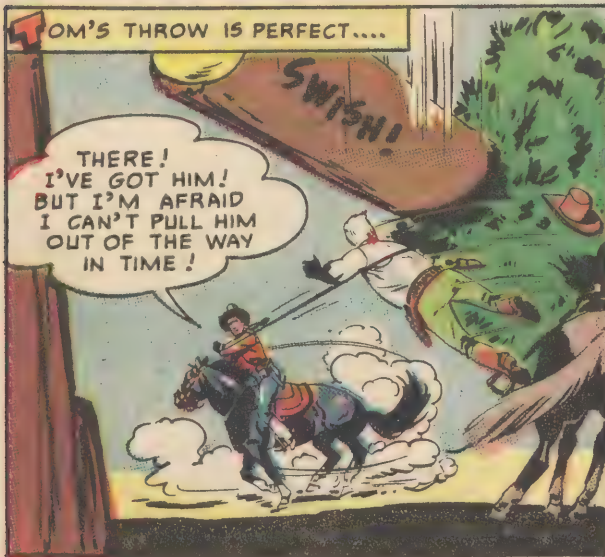
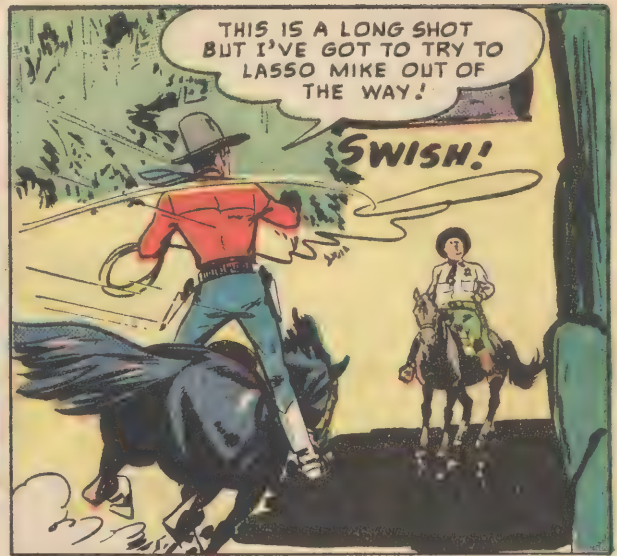
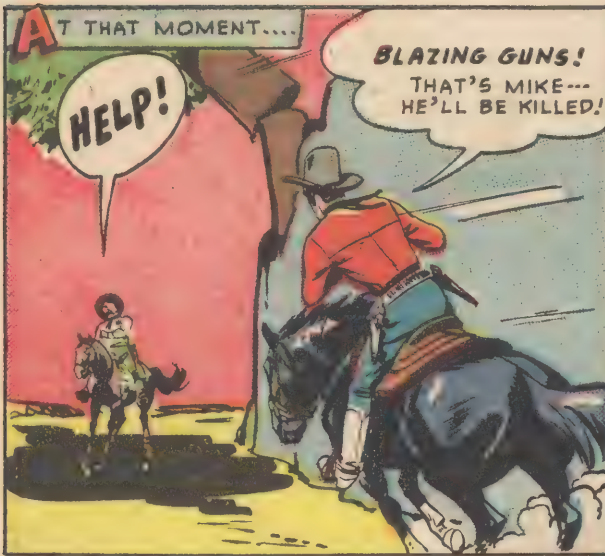
THE UNSUSPECTING MIKE, HIS MIND FILLED ONLY WITH THOUGHTS ABOUT THE FINE DINNER HE SOON WILL BE EATING, RIDES RIGHT INTO THE TRAP!

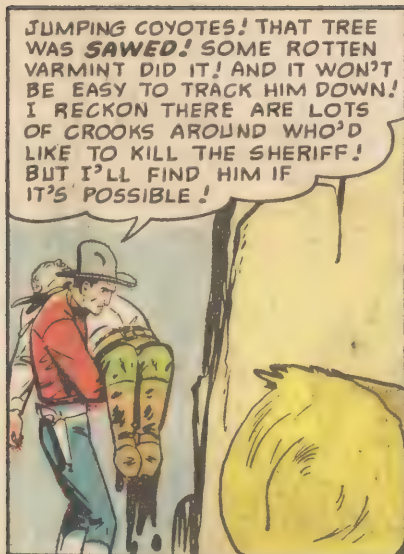
HUH? DANGBLAST IT, I RODE RIGHT INTO SOME TAR! NOW HOW DID THET TAR GIT HYAR?

C-R-A-C-K!!!

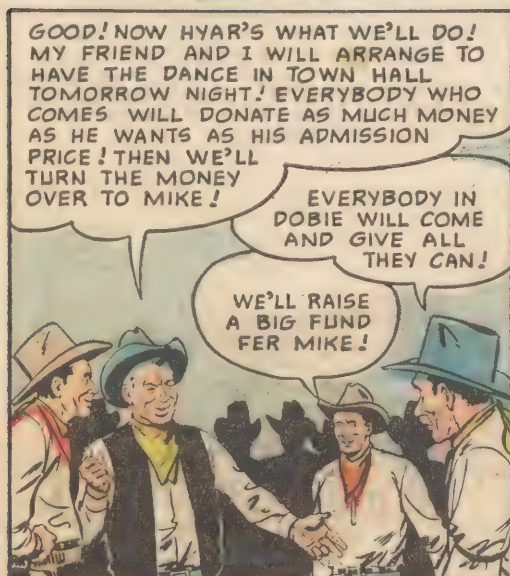
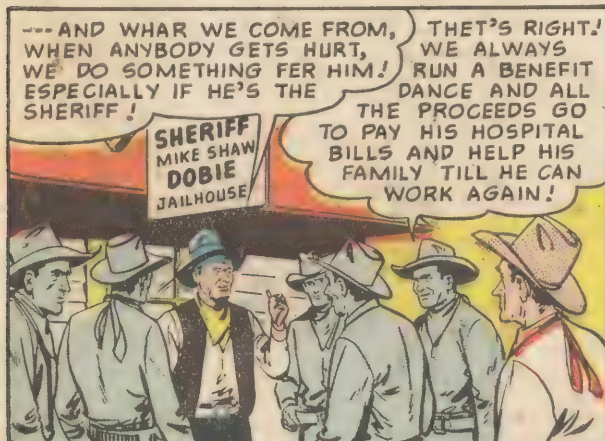
SWISH!!!

HUH? (GULP) THET TREE----IT'S GONNA FALL RIGHT ON TOP OF ME! AND MY HOSS IS STUCK IN THE TAR! I CAN'T GIT OUT OF THE WAY!



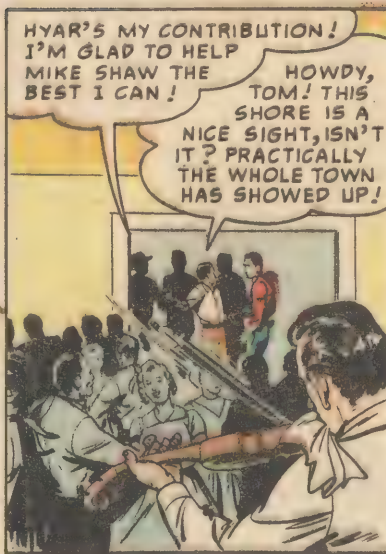


THE NEWS OF MIKE'S MISFORTUNE QUICKLY SPREADS THROUGHOUT DOBIE AND ALTHOUGH MIKE WASN'T KILLED AS PLANNED, HIGGS AND MEALY HAVE NO TROUBLE PUTTING THE REST OF THEIR NEFARIOUS SCHEME INTO ACTION....



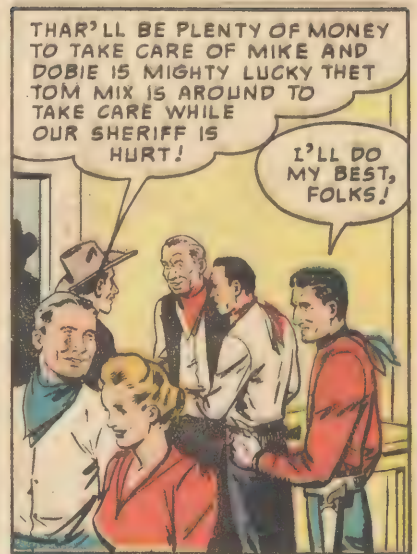


HOWEVER, I'M GOING TO WATCH HIGGS AND MEALEY! A LOT OF MONEY IS POURING IN AND THEY'RE TAKING CARE OF IT! I WANT TO BE SURE THEY DON'T PUT MOST OF IT IN THEIR POCKETS!



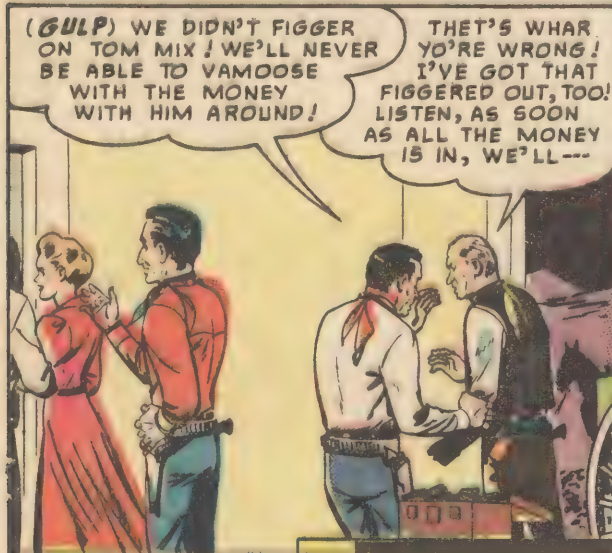
HYAR'S MY CONTRIBUTION! I'M GLAD TO HELP MIKE SHAW THE BEST I CAN!

HOWDY, TOM! THIS SHORE IS A NICE SIGHT, ISN'T IT? PRACTICALLY THE WHOLE TOWN HAS SHOWED UP!



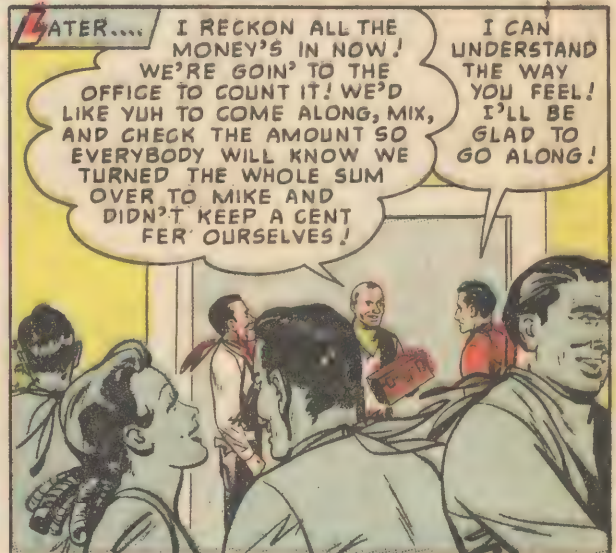
THAR'LL BE PLENTY OF MONEY TO TAKE CARE OF MIKE AND DOBIE IS MIGHTY LUCKY THET TOM MIX IS AROUND TO TAKE CARE WHILE OUR SHERIFF IS HURT!

I'LL DO MY BEST, FOLKS!



(GULP) WE DIDN'T FIGGER ON TOM MIX! WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO VAMOOSE WITH THE MONEY WITH HIM AROUND!

THEY'S WHAR, YO'RE WRONG! I'VE GOT THAT FIGGERED OUT, TOO! LISTEN, AS SOON AS ALL THE MONEY IS IN, WE'LL---



LATER.... I RECKON ALL THE MONEY'S IN NOW! WE'RE GOIN' TO THE OFFICE TO COUNT IT! WE'D LIKE YUH TO COME ALONG, MIX, AND CHECK THE AMOUNT SO EVERYBODY WILL KNOW WE TURNED THE WHOLE SUM OVER TO MIKE AND DIDN'T KEEP A CENT FER OURSELVES!

I CAN UNDERSTAND THE WAY YOU FEEL! I'LL BE GLAD TO GO ALONG!

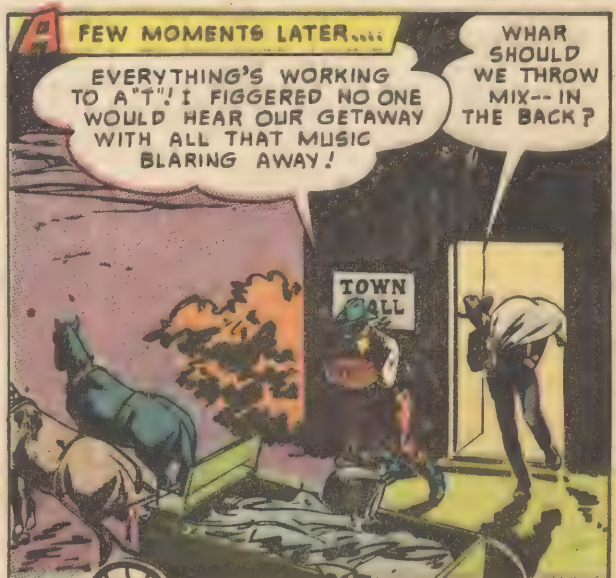


BUT AS TOM FOLLOWS THE MEN INTO THE BACK ROOM....

UGH!

CONK!

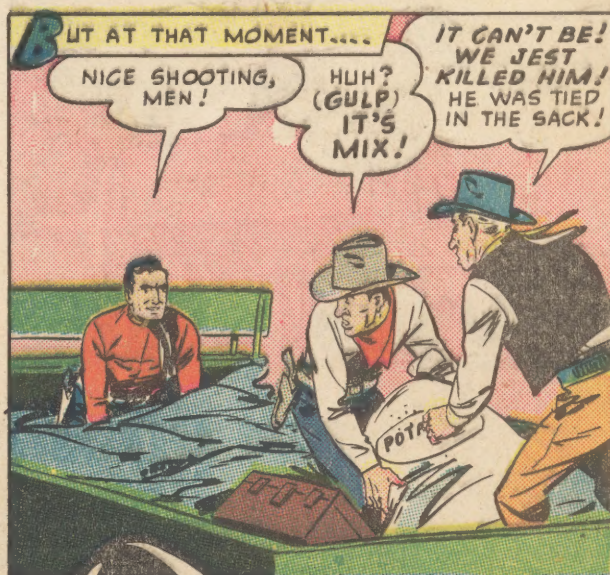
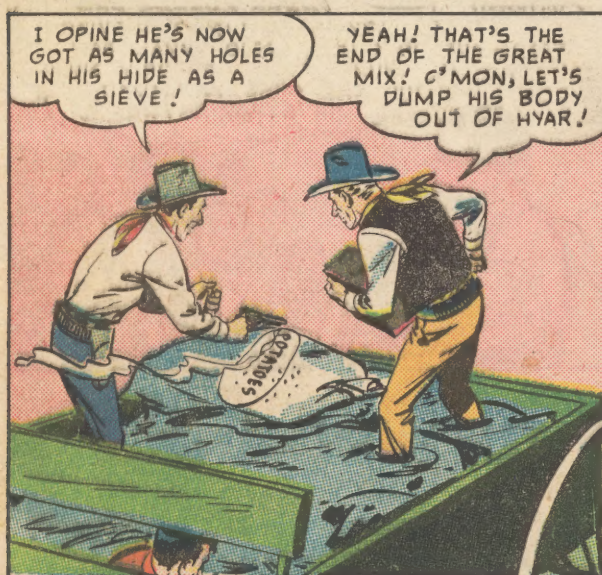
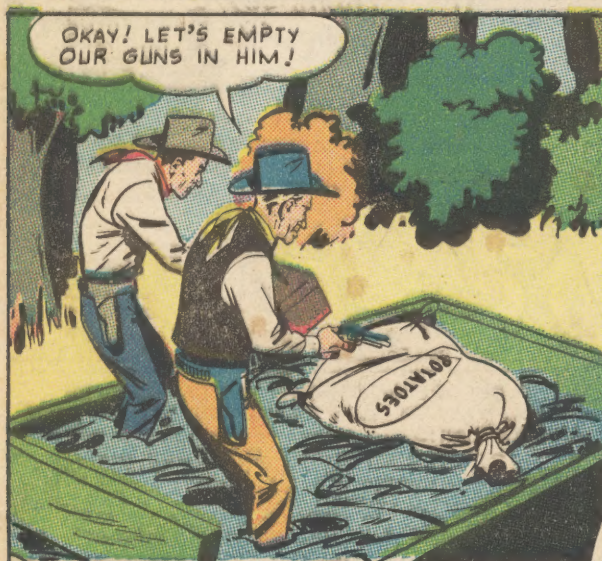
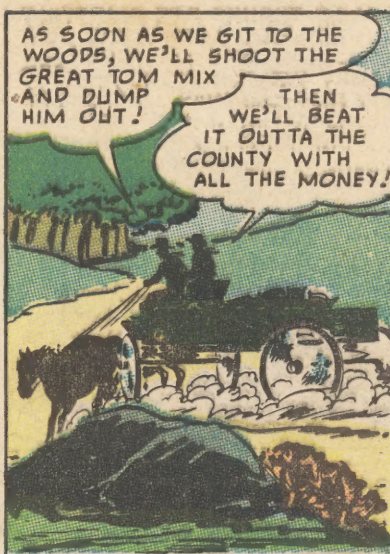
HE FELL FER IT! QUICK! LET'S GIT HIM INTO THAT SACK!

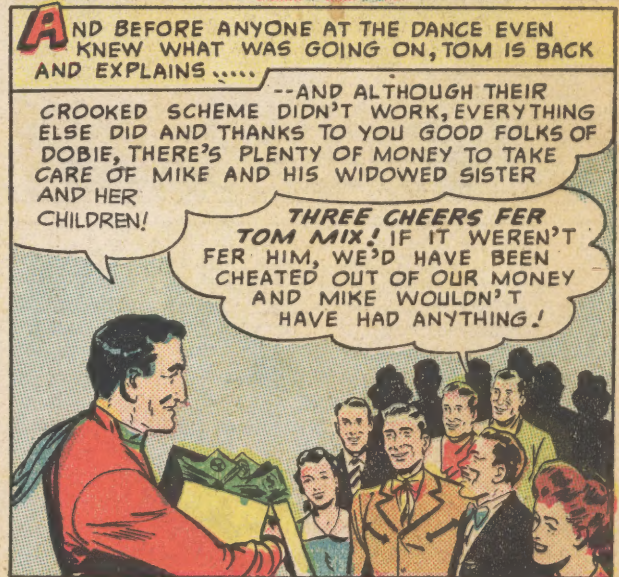
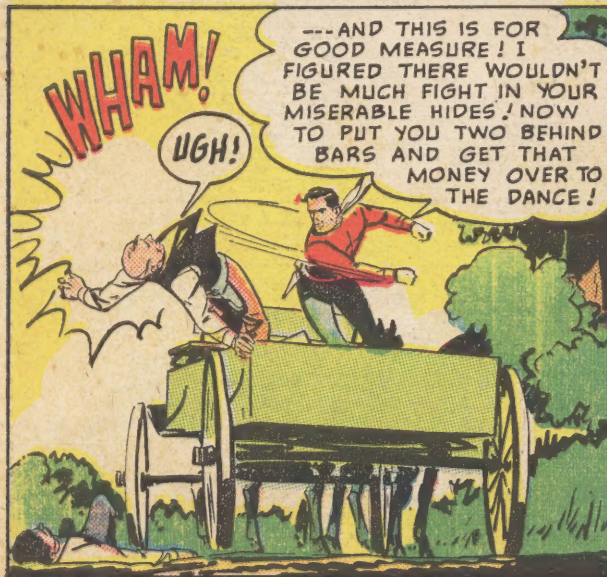
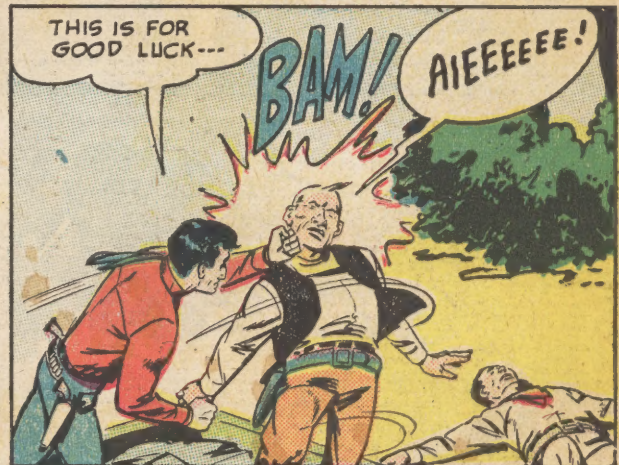
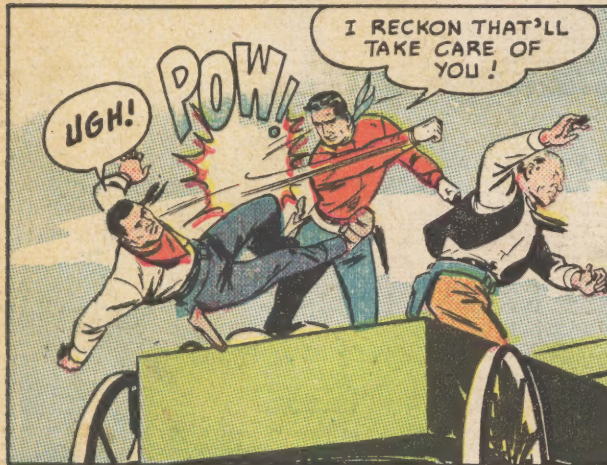
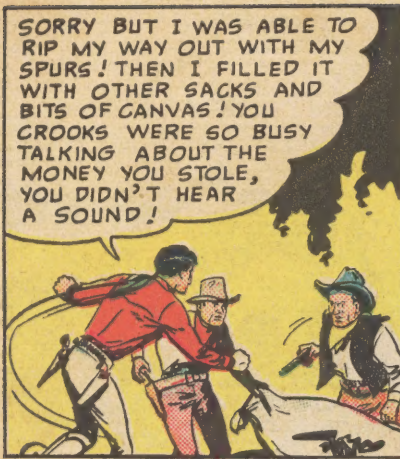


A FEW MOMENTS LATER....

EVERYTHING'S WORKING TO A'T! I FIGGERED NO ONE WOULD HEAR OUR GETAWAY WITH ALL THAT MUSIC BLARING AWAY!

WHAR SHOULD WE THROW MIX-- IN THE BACK?





TOM MIX IS ON THE AIR!

BROADCAST FROM COAST TO COAST OVER THE MUTUAL NETWORK, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY AT 5:30 P.M.

DYNAMIC ACTION
WITH YOUR FAVORITE
WESTERN-COMICS
HERO

You Practice COMMUNICATIONS

I Send You Parts To Build This Equipment

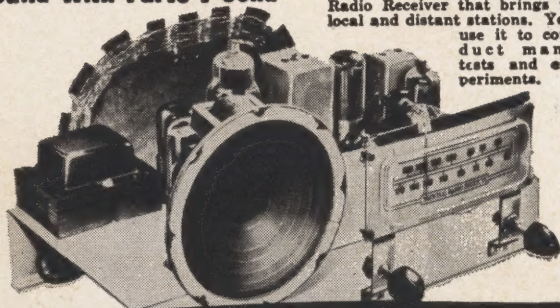
As part of my new Communications Course I send you parts to build your own Transmitter. Conduct actual procedure demanded of Broadcast Station Operators, practice many interesting experiments and tests, learn how to put a transmitter on the air.



You Practice Radio SERVICING

On This Modern Radio You Build With Parts I Send

As part of my Servicing Course, I send you the speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, loop antenna, EVERYTHING you need to build this Modern Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. You use it to conduct many tests and experiments.



BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN

Learn Servicing or Communications

Learn by Practicing in Spare Time with MANY KITS OF PARTS I Send

YOU BUILD this Tester as part of my Servicing Course. It soon helps you EARN EXTRA MONEY fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.



YOU BUILD this Power Pack as part of my new Communications Course. Use it to conduct fascinating experiments with frequency amplifiers and multipliers, buffer stages, etc.



YOU BUILD this Superheterodyne Receiver Circuit and conduct Frequency Modulation experiments and many other tests as part of my Servicing Course.



Want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio and Television Industries or to be boss of your own money-making Radio and Television shop? I've trained hundreds of men with no previous experience to be Radio technicians. I can do the same for you! Or now, for the first time, enroll in my new practical course in Radio—Television Communications—learn to be a Broadcasting and Communications technician. You learn Radio and Television principles from clear, illustrated lessons. You get practical Radio experience with MANY KITS OF PARTS I SEND in my train-at-home method. All equipment yours to keep.

MAKE EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

As part of my Radio Servicing Course, I send EXTRA MONEY booklets, starting the day you enroll. Use your know-how to make \$5, \$10 and more a week EXTRA MONEY fixing Radios in spare time while training. The next step is your own Radio shop or a good-pay Radio servicing job. Or, if you prefer, get into Government, Police, Aviation or Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing or Public Address Work.

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Send now for my special DOUBLE FREE OFFER. Get actual lesson on Radio Repairing short-cuts absolutely free. Also get 64-page book, "HOW TO BE A SUCCESS IN RADIO-TELEVISION—ELECTRONICS." See how quickly, easily you can start. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. OCNS National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

VETERANS

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YOU BUILD this Signal Generator as part of my Servicing Course for more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many interesting tests and experiments.



YOU BUILD this Wavemeter as part of my new Communications Course. Use it with Oscillator you also build that furnishes basic power to transmitter and determines transmitter frequency.



I TRAINED THESE MEN AT HOME



Good Job in Radio Station
"Am Chief Engineer of Station WORD, in charge of four men. Owe all I know about Radio to NRI."—CLYDE J. BURDETTE, Spartanburg, South Carolina.



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"Earned enough spare time cash to pay for my course by time I graduated. NRI training is tops!"—ALEXANDER KISH, Carteret, New Jersey.



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MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. OCNS National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

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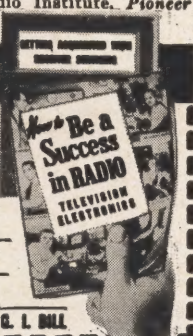
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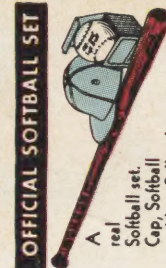


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BUT DON'T THEY
COST A LOT?



IT DIDN'T?
HOW COME?
BOYS FOR IDEAS A PACK



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EASY, HOW
COULD I GET
STARTED?



SEE, IT REALLY IS
WAS EASY!
OUR PRIZES
CAME ALREADY.



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GIFT FOR YOU
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TODAY. BE FIRST
IN YOUR
NEIGHBORHOOD
TO GET THESE
FINE PRIZES.